

THE AMERICAN Legion

MAY 1946 MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE



BY WILLIAM BENTON

BY JIMMY POWERS



The White Dot Identifies
"TRIUMPH" Pens With
*Lifetime** POINTS



Color photograph
by Victor Keppler

Lovely to look at.... the "TRIUMPH"!

AND QUALITY THAT GOES CLEAR THROUGH



The
Lifetime
POINT

Unconditionally Guaranteed
For First User's Lifetime
Without Repair Charge If
Sent To Sheaffer Factory!

For her, a really beautiful gift—the new "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY by Sheaffer—with the kind of functional beauty that results from correct design, meticulous workmanship and finest materials throughout! Even its clasp was designed for her convenience—for carrying safely in purse or pocket!

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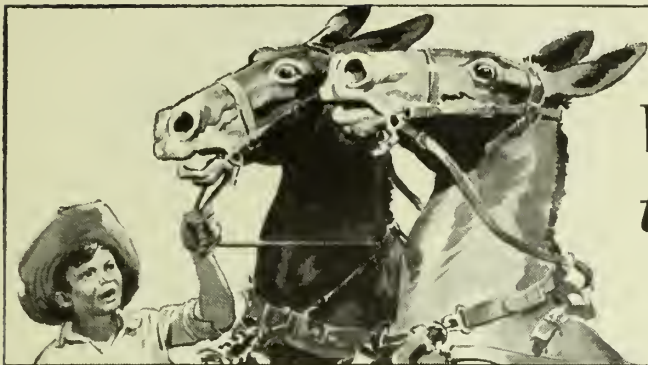
VALIANT TUCKAWAY pen, \$12.50; pencil, \$5; complete set, \$17.50. Federal excise tax additional. Other sets, \$3.95 up. Complete range of Colors.

"TRIUMPH" Pens and Fineline Pencils

SHEAFFER'S

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LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S PARADE with Carmen Cavallaro — NBC Complete Network, 3 P.M. E.T.; 2 P.M. C.T.; 1 P.M. M.T.; 12 Noon P.T.



What the Mules and the Flood did to me

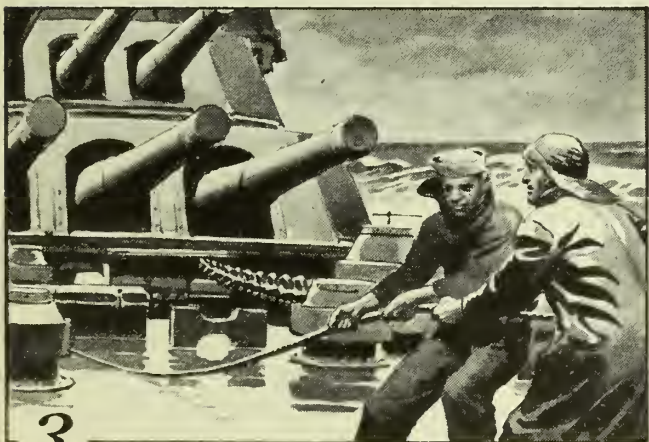
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1

"By the time I was sixteen I was tired of trying to make mules do their stuff when they didn't want to. That's how I got my hankering for automobiles, almost before I ever saw a real one.

"Then came the big Mississippi flood that swept us out of our house and store, washed out our

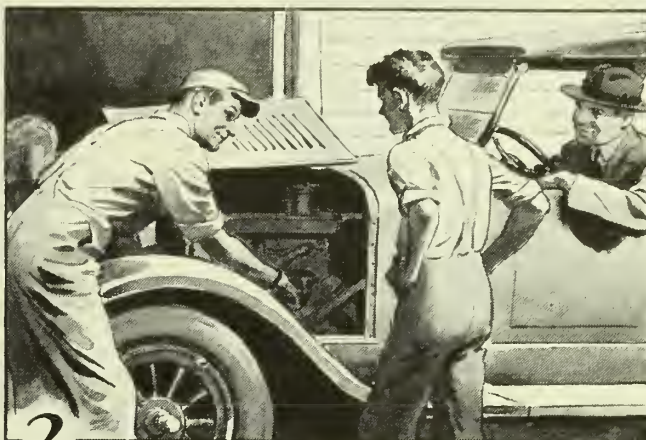


3

"Back in 1935, the Navy got me. I enlisted like a lot of other kids from inland farms and villages. Picked up some fine training, saw a big slice of the world. Whenever the ocean kicked up, I thought of those churning waters of the old Mississippi that flooded me out on my own.

"When I got out of the Navy, my experience landed me a good job with a big oil company. Soon I found myself teaching new attendants how to sell accessories, and from that it was only a small step to a leased gas station of my own.

"I salted away every penny. I had my eye on a good small town spot for a car dealership. The Dodge people took an interest in me, talked to me about my plans, looked over my layout and finally



2

little cotton crop, and put me on my own.

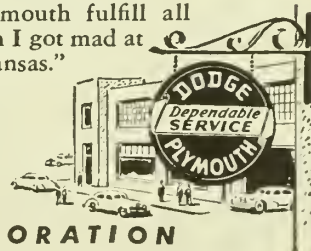
"I worked at everything I could get, and kept going to school,—dreaming of automobiles, riding and driving them whenever I could, hanging around gas stations, selling service parts for dealers, letting this exciting business soak in."



4

said, 'Okay.' Today, with a young organization up on its toes, I'm all set to grow with the future. One thing sure,—Dodge and Plymouth fulfill all those dreams that started when I got mad at the mules 'way back in Arkansas."

Another true story of individual initiative and enterprise from the records of Dodge Division, Chrysler Corporation.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION
PLYMOUTH ★ DODGE ★ DE SOTO
CHRYSLER ★ DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars—Thursday, CBS, 9 P.M., E.S.T.



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One of the prime elements of good craftsmanship is pleasure in the doing. Certainly this is true of Old Grand-Dad. For when you take your first sip of this fine bonded bourbon you just naturally feel that he who made it took great delight in his craft. And that out of this delight he imparted to Old Grand-Dad a flavor, aroma and mellowness such as you've not experienced in many a long day. Why not make that long day a short one hereafter by taking Old Grand-Dad permanently into your family circle?



*Head of
the Bourbon
Family*

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION,
NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN Legion MAGAZINE

MAY, 1946
VOL. 40 • NO. 5

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Is your wife a *Gemini*?

GEMINI—the sign of the zodiac that denotes a nature with two sides! Versatile, entertaining, lovable—but changeable, often contradictory. What man can't see a bit of Gemini in every woman—most of all his own wife?

Well, there *are* two sides to most women: the dreamer, ready to hitch her wagon to any star—and the practical one, with two feet firmly on the ground. One side will take chances with you on almost anything—the other helps you keep your head, make a success, build your future on a secure foundation. This is the side that appreciates the importance of protecting your common welfare . . . it's the side to value, with you, the importance of providing Prudential life insurance against your unexpected future needs.

Even though you may feel your life insurance program

is already adequate, you would be wise to discuss it with your local Prudential representative. He can tell you whether your plan includes the best policies to cover your particular needs—whether your payments are being made with the greatest saving—whether your policies include all the benefits of advantage to you. Call or write to him, and make an appointment to go over these points with him soon.

You will enjoy the Prudential Family Hour—Every Sunday afternoon, CBS. And the Jack Berch Show—Every afternoon, Mondays through Fridays, ABC



THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

"Switch to Auto Lite . . . money cannot buy a better spark plug"

Dick Haymes

AUTO-LITE

"They put a song in the heart of your engine"

Helen Forrest and Gordon Jenkins

The Spark Plug that's Ignition Engineered

TREAT your engine to a new set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, ignition engineered for today's gasoline. If your spark plugs are faulty, you will restore gasoline mileage, get faster starts, smoother operation. And when so many of the nation's leading

car manufacturers specify Auto-Lite Spark Plugs as original factory equipment, you can bet Dick Haymes is right when he says . . . "Money cannot buy a better spark plug." So see the friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer in your neighborhood today.



THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Toronto 1, Ontario

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Switch to — TUNE IN THE AUTO-LITE RADIO SHOW STARRING DICK HAYMES, SATURDAYS, 8:00 P.M.—E.S.T. ON CBS

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

THE EDITORS' CORNER



Ex-Marine Bill O'Brian, who did the cover for this issue, is an old hand at this sort of thing. At one time or another he has done theatrical drawings for the old *New York World*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and for several magazines, including *Vanity Fair*, *Stage* and *The Theatre*. During the war he served as staff artist for *The Leatherneck*, and at present he's on the staff of *Liberty Magazine*.

O'Brian says he spent five years trying to be a sculptor and finally came to the conclusion that sculpture is an art form appreciated only by the sculptor and his mother. Being neither a sculptor nor a mother we wouldn't know about that.

The New Kid

Our new Associate Editor, Robert B. Pitkin, came to us the day after he was discharged from the Navy. A Lieutenant Commander at the time of his discharge, he had just completed two years of duty as officer in charge of a string of base newspapers in the Southwest Pacific including the *Milne Bay Daily News* and the *Leyte Gulf Typhoon Express*.

There was some discussion at one time as to whether Pitkin, age 35, was too old to represent the men of WW2 on our staff. Though it probably had nothing whatsoever to do with the final decisions to ask him to join our organization, we nonetheless thought you'd be interested in knowing that he is the son of Walter B. Pitkin, former professor at Columbia University, who is probably best known as the author of a book entitled *Life Begins At 40*.

Candace's Creator

Clem Potter tells us that *Candace Goes to Court* (page 16) is his first fiction sale to a national magazine. Potter was born in a small town in west Tennessee and, like many of us, was determined at one time to become either a pirate or a train robber. He says he compromised by be-

coming a gypsy newspaper reporter and consequently has held jobs on more newspapers than he cares to remember.

Incidentally, he has never regretted his decision to substitute a vagabond journalistic career for train robbing or piracy.

Picks Joe Louis

Jimmy Powers, who predicts Joe Louis will give Billy Conn another bruising in their forthcoming championship return match (see *I Pick Joe Louis*, page 14) is Sports Editor and columnist on the New York Daily News, which boasts the largest daily newspaper circulation in the world.

Powers served as a Navy Commander during the war and still retains his Navy crew haircut.

We received some biographical material about Jimmy from a *News* publicity man in which he referred to Jimmy's boyhood home out in Oklahoma as a "whistle-stop" town. Realizing that such a reference would no doubt hurt some good Sooner feelings we've flatly refused to be a party to such slanderous talk.

Potpourri

William B. Benton (see *Let's Speak Up*, page 12) is one of the founders (with Economic Stabilizer Chester Bowles) of the New York advertising agency of Benton and Bowles.

We're pleased, as always, to present an article by Ray Holland (see *Head Man*, page 19) who has been turning out articles and stories about outdoor sports since 1903. Editor of *Field & Stream* magazine for more than 20 years, Holland has figured prominently in many campaigns designed to protect and perpetuate our wild fowl.

D.S.



A flat joke
may seem
funny to
someone...

...but a flat drink is
a bore to everyone!



Keep drinks *Lively* with
CANADA DRY WATER

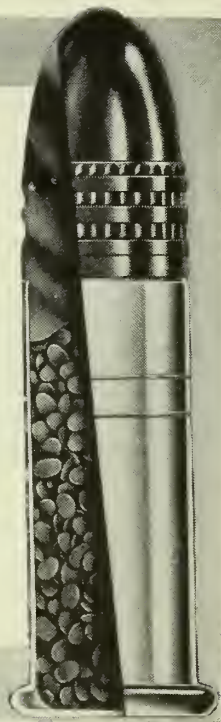


Why put up with flat drinks, when it's so easy to keep 'em sparkling with lively, tasty goodness? Canada Dry Water . . . unlike ordinary club sodas or carbonated tap waters . . . is scientifically made to *improve* your drinks. Original "Pin-Point Carbonation" insures a busy, bubbling life—to the last sip. And Canada Dry's exclusive formula *points up*—never drowns out—flavor.

Hereafter, don't just dilute your drinks with inferior mixers. Always use Canada Dry Water . . . and they'll sparkle longer, taste better.

MAKE DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS AT HOME! Try mixing Canada Dry Water with fresh and canned fruit juices, and flavor extracts. Use it to make real Ice Cream Sodas, too!

The inside story on **POWER** in Remington Hi-Speed 22s



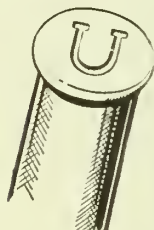
NEWEST SMOKELESS POWDER

burns evenly at a uniform rate of ignition and combustion. This, plus precision loading, assures uniform velocity for all Remington Hi-Speed 22s.



SOLID BRASS CASE

of some material used in big game cartridges receives uniform crimping that holds bullet firmly yet permits proper release on firing.



KLEANBORE PRIMING

assures fast, snappy ignition. This famous priming protects the accuracy life of your rifle barrel against rust and corrosion... makes cleaning unnecessary.

PENETRATING POWER



seven 7/8-inch pine boards... at 20 yard range. Try this test yourself.

of the Remington Hi-Speed Long Rifle solid-point bullet will carry it through



HOLLOW-POINT BULLET

of Remington Hi-Speed 22 expands to almost twice its original caliber on impact... providing greater "knack-down" power than ordinary ammunition.



ACCURACY AND FLAT TRAJECTORY

of Remington Hi-Speed 22s aid long range shooting... makes it easier to stalk pests and small game.



Remington "Sportmaster" Model 512A bolt action, tubular magazine, 22 caliber repeating rifle.

Remington



"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

Hi-Speed, Kleanbore and Sportmaster are Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., by Remington Arms Company, Inc.

ONE MAN VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

In Civil War days the Veterans Administration was known as "the soldiers' friend." He was Marcus L. Ward, a wealthy New Jersey soap and candle maker who is credited with being the first man in history to devise and organize a system for collecting a soldier's pay on the battlefields and forwarding it to his family.

As more and more New Jersey troops were called into the ranks, problems on the home-front became increasingly acute. Some of the volunteers hesitated to go to war for fear their loved ones would suffer hardships during their absence. Many who did go were alarmed to find that letters containing their pay often went astray leaving their families without adequate funds. Many men deserted the Army to go home and see that their families were provided for.

Ward recognized in this perilous situation a definite threat to victory, and so, at his own expense, he opened an "Office of Soldier Business" in Newark, thereby establishing himself as a one-man veterans' administration.

He arranged to collect the pay of the volunteer at his camp, and then he turned it over to the wife or family. If a man was killed or wounded, Ward secured his pension for the family. With a clerical staff of eight, he handled some \$2,000,000 in soldier allotments, wrote 30,000 letters for service men and their kinfolk and conducted 100,000 interviews with people seeking information.

"The soldiers' friend" never refused to aid a New Jersey fighting man or his family. Among other things, he helped wives to trace soldiers reported missing, he acted as an arbitrator in family squabbles, and he even used his influence to ease the lot of New Jersey soldiers who had been jailed.

To pay for these services, Ward delved deeply into his own personal fortune and that of his wife. A soldier's hard luck tale always found his purse open and at one time he had \$30,000 of his own money loaned out to the men without interest.

In addition he rallied the people behind him and urged the government to provide a veterans' hospital for the sick and wounded. Such an institution was eventually established in Newark and named Ward's Hospital. Through his efforts the Soldiers Home of Newark was founded and he was one of its managers and treasurers for many years. He also helped to support the Marcus L. Ward Post 88 of the Grand Army of the Republic which was named after him.

Today Maplewood, N. J., has a home established in his honor "for aged and respectable bachelors and widowers."

—By Robert D. Eckhouse



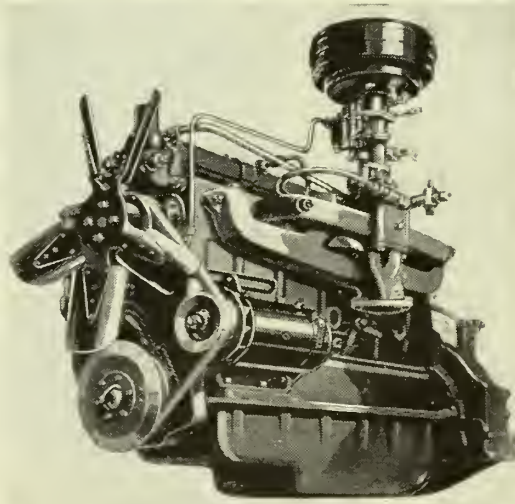
*Ask G.I. Joe
about*

GMC RUGGED LONG LIFE

Returning Service Men regard GMC army trucks as the most rugged transport vehicles of the war. In GMC's fine war record there is plenty of reason for this belief.

GMCs of one Quartermaster Company rolled up a million miles . . . through the Pacific's swampy jungles, blinding dust and destructive tropical humidity . . . without one man-day lost due to motor mishap. GMCs stormed over the roads of Normandy, bumper to bumper, to help haul the 500,000 tons of supplies transported by the famous Red Ball Express. Other GMCs pulled tremendous loads over the mountains of Italy, the sands of Africa, the frozen tundras of Alaska.

You can look for similar rugged reliability in the GMC you buy for commercial use. For every GMC civilian model from 1/2 to 20 tons has the same basic engine design as that which powered nearly 600,000 war-proved GMC trucks and "Ducks."



The famous "270" engine, power plant of the "Army's Workhorse," also powers GMC models in the 3-ton range. All other GMC gasoline engines are of the same basic, war-proved design.

THE TRUCK OF VALUE



GASOLINE • DIESEL

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

WHO OWNS THE BELL SYSTEM?

It belongs to people in all walks of life in cities, towns and villages throughout America.

The money comes from the savings of the many.

For only the many—that is, hundreds of thousands of small investors—have the money to own such a big business.

More than half of its 700,000 stockholders are women.

About one stockholder in thirteen is a telephone employee.

The average number of shares held per stockholder is 30. More than 210,000 stockholders own five shares or less.

No one owns as much as one-half of one per cent of its stock.

About one person in every 200 in the United States is a part owner of the Bell System.



BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM



Genius Unlimited

"He's not only balmy," the Army told the National Inventors' Council, which passed the word along to Lieut. James H. Brodie of the Field Artillery, "he must have made a crash landing on his head at the age of two."

This was a jolt to the scientific councilmen appointed by the late President Roosevelt to look over the inventions of the nation's geniuses (including Hedy Lamarr and the Carlsbad bat fancier) to see whether they might help win the war. It also was a jolt to the lieutenant, who invented, patented, and attempted to give to his government the world's first portable landing field, designed to bring airplanes safely to rest on mountain sides, in mine fields, on ice floes, on roof tops of varying levels and in auto parking lots without even removing the autos. Lieut. Brodie's motto was: *Wherever A Pigeon Can Land, So Can I*. The Army Air Corps said, "h-m-m-m-m-m-m."

The lieutenant's invention, like all great scientific achievements, was simplicity itself. He screwed solidly, into the cabin

By FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

roof of his Piper Cub, a steel hook resembling the letter "C" about three feet across. The rest of his invention consisted of a cable stretched between two trees, maybe, or across a chasm from one mountain to the next. Lieut. Brodie didn't care where it was stretched.

He would flutter in for a landing, serooge his ship down gently, ease the hook over the cable, and skid safely down the wire like a tight-rope walker until friction stopped the plane in its tracks. All he needed then was a ladder to get down. "Nuts," the Army said.

But then the Office of Strategic Services, made up of cloak-and-dagger boys performing deeds of derring-do under the enemy's big red nose, heard of the idea. Eureka! Just (Continued on page 31)

Balmy beyond belief were some of the ideas submitted to the National Inventors' Council to help win the war. The experts were amazed—
but more so when many of the inventions worked



Yes—This Is The Inventress of an Infernal Machine
... And Yes, It Is Your Old Friend, Hedy Lamarr



BY FRANK
RICHARDSON
PIERCE

He was a great, big lummoX of a man, with an easy-going smile and a friendly manner. His name was Steve McGee, but officers and men in his tank outfit called him Private LummoX. When faced with hard work, he had a habit of sitting down and trying to figure an easy way of doing the job. The army frowned on this sort of thing.

Early in his military career, when they were pushing supplies onto a bleak Alaskan beach this trait was observed by the sergeant in charge of McGee's detail. He couldn't recall McGee's name, so he bellowed, "You! Private LummoX! Get off of that fat fanny and help float this stranded barge."

"A man thinks better on his pratt than standing," McGee had answered. "Now, I figure if you rig a high lead deal, like they have in logging camps, from ship to shore, it'll lessen the wear and tear on the boys' backs and speed up the operation."

"How's that?" the lieutenant asked. And when McGee outlined his idea again, the lieutenant said: "Go ahead, LummoX. Rig up your logging camp deal."

Two and a half years later things were different. The war had been over many months, the outfit was to be shipped home within a few days, and Private LummoX was reporting to Sergeant Reagan, another man of Irish descent. "LummoX, this request of yours for immediate discharge has the brass in

"Every man in the outfit knows that you've wanted to go tearing around in a tank to prove some theories you've nursed along," Reagan continued. "A man, trying to get a commission, might buy a wreck, repair it and prove his theories to the brass. But you've never even wanted to be a corporal. Nobody can figger you out."

LummoX didn't have time to answer. The brass was ready for him.

Private LummoX stepped into a friendly atmosphere. At attention, he was an impressive sight—six feet three inches tall, and two hundred and thirty pounds of well distributed hard flesh. He had a rugged jaw, large nose, wide forehead, blue eyes, and curly hair as shiny as a blackbird's wing.

"LummoX, I mean McGee," the colonel said, "your request simply doesn't make sense, but we're inclined to grant it if you can convince us your reasons are sound. Three years from home and you want to *stay* on here." He hesitated. "Is it a girl? These young squaws *seem* to bleach out and look more and more like Hollywood starlets the longer a man remains."

"My girl used to be here but she's in California now," LummoX answered. "She left a year ago. Jean, who worked cashiery at the Gem restaurant. (Continued on page 44)

McGee's tank outfit got a laugh out of their practical

joke, but that's nothing to what the big ex-private got

great big
LummoX

Gertie Bucked and Lurched
Her Way Over the Boulders

a tizzy." He nodded towards a closed door. "The brass figures a man who doesn't even *want* to go home after three years in Alaska's gales, snows, rains, hails, blizzards, fogs and mosquitoes is just plain

crazy or a triple-plated damned fool."

"Yeah?" Private LummoX regarded Reagan calmly.

"Listen, LummoX, as one harp to another, don't you find yourself talking to the sea gulls now and again?"

"Yep!"

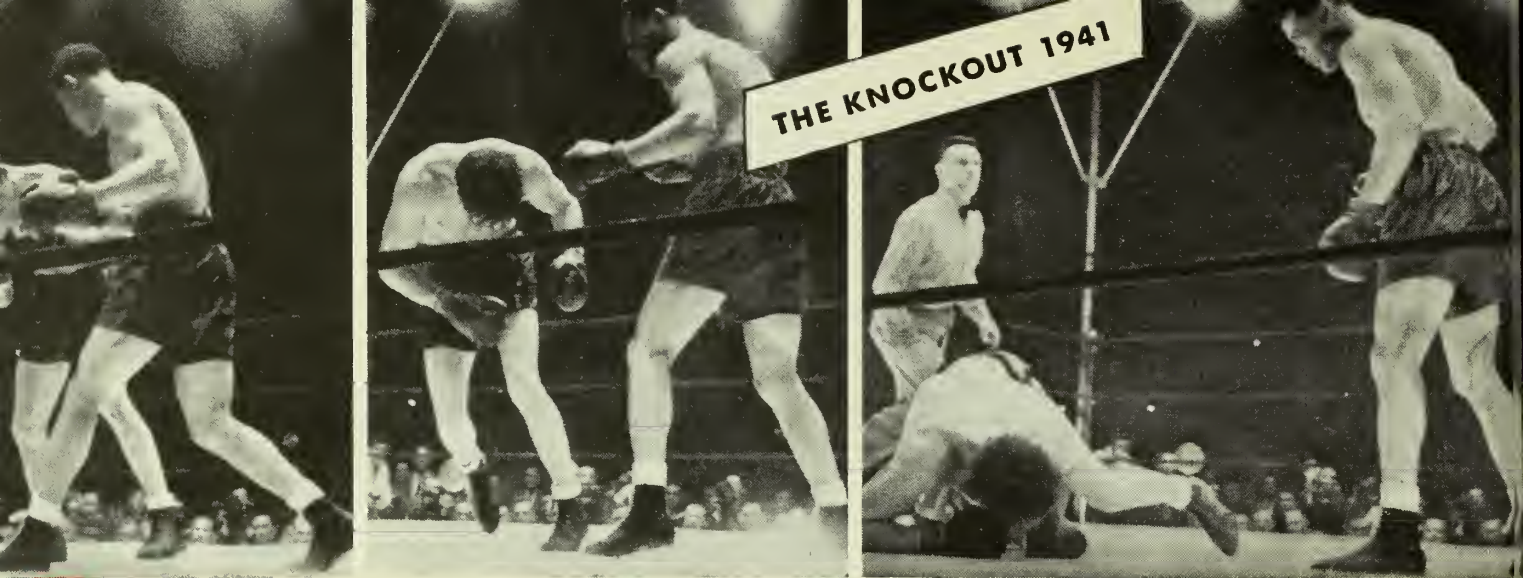
"I thought so. And do the sea gulls answer you?"

"Nope!"

"You aren't as bad as I thought," Reagan said. "But you're going to have a tough time convincing the brass that a guy who spends his dough on a wrecked tank isn't crazy."

The tank, "Diamond Tooth Gertie," had gone over a cliff in maneuvers. A miner had bought the wreck with a vague idea of using various parts, and Private LummoX had bought out the miner. Not only had he spent his own money in repairs, greasing and painting to protect the wreck from the weather, but he had haunted scrap heaps searching for needed parts.





I PICK JOE LOUIS

Billy Conn, the original smiling Irishman, the dapper, two-fisted fighter with the choir-boy face who was "only" two rounds and two seconds away from the heavyweight championship of the world on the night of June 18, 1941, is now preparing for another shot at Joe Louis this June 19. It will be the top event on the 1946 sports calendar. As you know, when Conn fought Louis the first time he went about telling everyone, "I'm not afraid of the big baboon. He isn't knocking me out. I'm going to knock him out!" And he meant it too.

This time, as we interviewed him at his training camp, Conn talked as if he were a "sure thing" again, but he spoke more quietly, more logically, and with much more respect for Louis.

And well he might, for once again Conn is spotting Louis everything, height, weight, reach and fire-power, and moreover he is stepping out of his normal, natural weight division. There was some talk, after looking at Conn's skinny legs in the first fight, that the published weight of Conn had been padded a bit, and that he had actually spotted Louis more than 30 pounds. They both have taken on weight in uniform, but the proportionate difference is about the same.

Everyone knows how Louis will try to beat Conn. Joe can punch hard, and he will try to wade in and bang confident Billy a bone-crushing thump in the ribs, cave him in starboard and port, torpedo him with a body attack—that is the only way to nail a dancer and a jabber—and then knock him out with a right to the button.

Louis can punch as hard as ever, but is Conn as fast as ever? He will need to be, *for he must not get hit*. If he does it's goon-bye please. Conn must be clever enough to make the champ miss for 15 rounds. If Billy misses a punch and leaves his chin wide open, as he did in the first fight, the fight will be over—and leave us not kid ourselves.

Conn is very persuasive. If you talk to him long enough you may become convinced he can't miss. . . . "I'm nobody's dope," he says. . . . "I wasn't born yesterday and I didn't come to town on the last load of hay. I've been fighting as long as this Louis, and while I admit I'm not as heavy as he is and therefore cannot punch as hard, I know as much, if not more, about the game than he does."

Now in my opinion Billy will enter the ring a definite underdog. Briefly, before you hear Billy's reasons for think-

ing I'm wrong, here's how I dope it. Time has, of course, marched on for both Louis and Conn, both are at least 25 percent below their 1941 form. But Louis beat Conn then, knocked him out cleanly in 2:58 of the 13th round, and we believe he will do it again. Billy is smarter than Louis, and he is really braver, because he is spotting a great heavyweight from 30 pounds up. But I believe Louis will win again, and by a knockout. That is just one man's guess.

But Conn picks Conn, and his logic

BY JIMMY POWERS

is not entirely weak. After all, Conn has fought Louis before, and learned thereby. Says Billy:

"I'm going to try to outpoint him this time. After all, you can win the championship on points just as well as by a knockout.

"In the first fight I didn't think I made a mistake in going for a knockout, nor was I careless. I thought I had him going when I connected with that left hook to the jaw in the 12th. I went in to knock him out in the 13th. I was off base, and I got caught. That's liable to happen to anybody in this business.



If you talk to Billy Conn long enough he'll

**sell you on the idea that we'll soon have a new
champ. But Jimmy Powers isn't convinced**

"But that taught me two things about Louis. First, I respect his punch, and learned to respect it the hard way. But more important, I found out that he recuperates from a punch very fast.

"Before that meeting I didn't think he could take a punch as well as I could. When I clouted him in the 12th round and his knees buckled I was sure of it. They said I got careless, but I didn't. I believed I could go in there and mix it with him and knock him out. I tried it and I was wrong. He can take it.

"And I also found out that Louis is most dangerous when he's hurt. Then is when you have to be on your guard more than ever."

Conn pulled a big, white towel over his perspiring head.

"I won't admit," he said, "that I haven't a chance to knock him out. Hit any fighter just right and he'll go. But I had him on points with only two rounds to go, and if I get that far again I'll go on with the idea of outpointing him all the way."

Conn says that he is heavier and taller now, and his arms are bigger, and perhaps a little longer. He says he's hitting harder with his left hook, the blow that shook Louis up the first time. If he "gets Louis going good" he will try to finish him off. "I'd be crazy not to, but he'll have to (Continued on page 37)



**This is the punch that
sent Conn down — and out**



LET'S SPEAK UP!

Here's How They

Brig. General B. F. Fellers, one of General MacArthur's aides, was telling me recently about his interviews with former Japanese military leaders. One of them, an admiral who had served as a naval attaché in Washington, had been pushed out of the Navy before Pearl Harbor because he opposed the war with the U. S.

BY WILLIAM BENTON
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE

Another, a lieutenant general who had also served in Washington, had been driven into retirement for the same reason. General Fellers concluded from these and other talks that *those Japanese who knew America best were those who least wanted to make war on us.*

On the other side of the globe Hitler and Mussolini,

through their controlled press and radio, had spent years gulling the German and Italian people into the belief that America was a "degenerate democracy" so weakened by prosperity, so divided by internal dissension that she would not and could not wage a successful war.

Thus it can be argued—and I concede it can never be more than a speculative argument—that if the Axis people had understood their opponents better they could not have been led into their aggressions. It is this failure of understanding among peoples, and particularly the misunderstandings of foreign peoples about the United States, that is my principal concern in the State Department.

Better understanding of America by foreign peoples will contribute to our national security, and probably will contribute more to it than will extra battleships for our fleet. But by "better understanding" I do not mean that we need to persuade the world that we are mighty in our wrath. Two world wars have now shown that we are the most powerful nation since gunpowder was invented; and fear of us would breed suspicion, hatred, and coalition against us. We need to be understood just as we are, without distortion: as a nation that seeks peace, that desires no aggrandizement at the

soldiers has served to correct some of the misconceptions about the American people. Our boys, for the most part, were found to be intelligent, friendly, warm-hearted. They did much to dispel the distorted propaganda about us that the Nazis had spread. They helped to stimulate a thirst for knowledge about America and Americans. But, disturbingly, our soldiers do *not* report a rising tide of affection for America—rather the reverse.

President Truman has said that it should be an aim of American foreign policy to give other peoples of the world "a full and fair picture of American life, and of the aims and policies of the United States government." He has charged the State Department with responsibility for that task. By what means do we propose to aid international understanding of America?

The Department has developed a 9-point program.

1. Exchange of students, scholars, scientists and technicians with other countries.
2. Maintenance of U. S. information libraries in 62 countries.
3. A 7000-word daily radio bulletin to U. S. embassies and consulates, giving full texts of (*Continued on page 49*)

State Department Is Planning to Scotch False Ideas About America Abroad ... And Let Those Who Will, Call it Propaganda

expense of others, that is firmly committed to a policy of international collaboration; that is working toward world wide freedom and security; a nation with a political, social and economic system which, while far from perfect, has much to commend its example.

Among the many letters that reach the State Department from soldiers who have been overseas, an impressive number stress the same point: this war will not have fulfilled its purpose unless we find some way of strengthening friendship, understanding, and mutual confidence among the peoples of the world. These letters spring from personal experience. Sometimes that experience has been baffling. Our men discover, to their bewilderment, that in some localities Americans are regarded with fear and confusion by those they want to befriend.

"Isn't there some way," these letters say in substance, "by which we can convince other countries that we are not a predatory nation intent on dominating the world? Can't we make them believe that, in spite of our military and economic power, what we want most is to live in peace? And that we want peace for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves? If only they understood us they'd know that this is so, and perhaps a good part of the strain between some of them and us would disappear."

The very presence of American



There was a shaking of heads among elderly residents of Kismet, a tiny hamlet snuggled away in the Great Smokies, when word got around that Candace Minter was taking her quarrel with Lafe Roark to Granpap Hines. J. P., for "adjudicationment," as Granpap himself would say. It revived memories of other days when clashes between the Minters and the Roarks figured in the vital statistics column. Now, by a sort of tacit

BY CLEM POTTER

agreement, old animosities had been put aside, but . . .

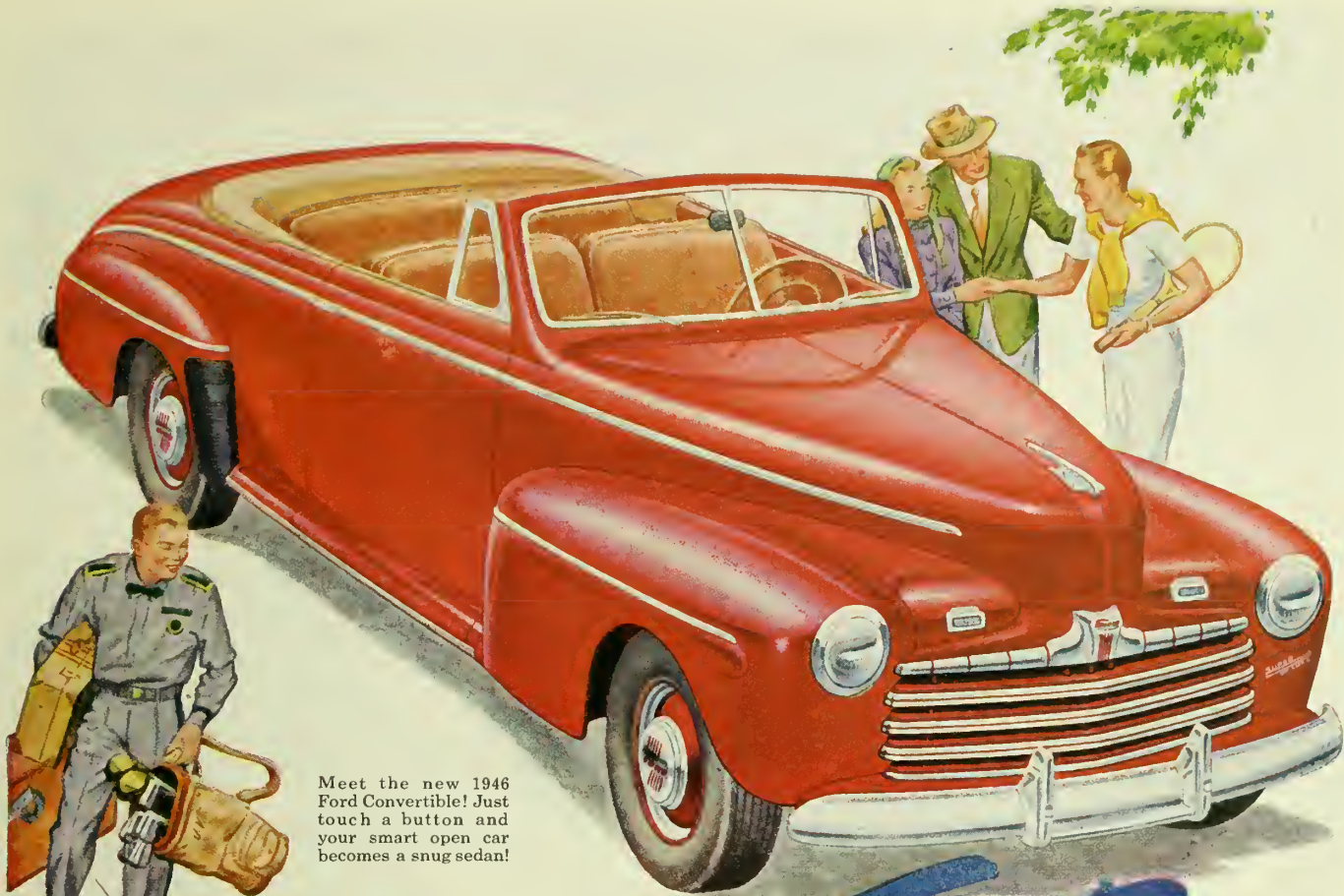
Deep down, Candace, a pretty black-eyed, rosy-cheeked brunette, is an amiable girl but spoils it by being stage-struck, radio-serial style, and mistaking show-offiness for sophistication. Ordinarily Kismet laughed at her monkey-shines but the old-timers feared trouble

might follow if she went too far with this one. Lafe, a husky, red-headed ex-GI, is happy-go-lucky, merry-hearted and likable. When an inquiring cub reporter asked about the Silver Star he won on New Guinea, Lafe told him: "They gimme it for tidiness. I dusted off a Jap or two."

The row—if you could call it that—came about after Candace read in an old movie maga- (Continued on page 38)



In which Grandpap Hines, self-appointed judge and jury for the tiny hamlet of Kismet, takes on a case involving a dream, an ex-GI and a very lovely girl



Meet the new 1946 Ford Convertible! Just touch a button and your smart open car becomes a snug sedan!

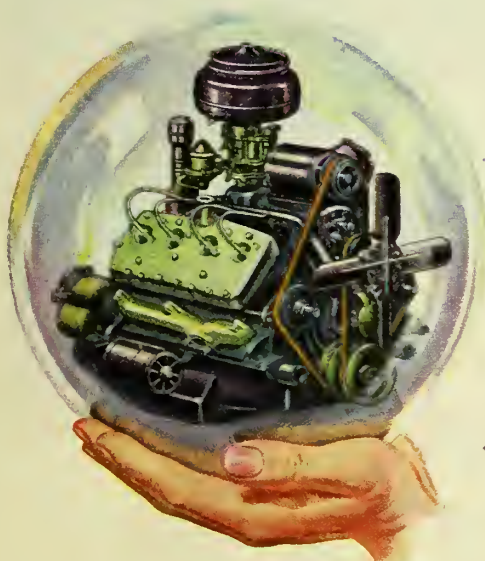
Ford's out Front

WITH THE BIG 100 h.p. V-8 ENGINE!

• No other car in its price class performs like the 1946 Ford because no other has the V-8 engine . . . no other has 100 h.p.! The V-8 type of engine is used in America's most expensive automobile!

The new Ford V-8 is thrifty on gas and oil because of new 4-ring aluminum pistons and new balanced carburetion.

With new oversized brakes . . . with wider, lower, handsomer appearance . . . and with dozens of other improvements, no wonder so many people say: "Ford's out front in the low-priced field!"



There's a *Ford* in your future



*Your taste buds will give
Five Cheers!*

WHILE THE RICH, tantalizing odor of roasting lamb keeps your guests on edge for the call to dinner, give that dinner the perfect prelude with Seagram's 5 Crown. They'll add two cheers to the traditional three when they try this taste-rousing whiskey!

There's a mighty good reason why the taste of Seagram's 5 Crown is something to shout about. Only the choicest "flavor" whiskeys and pedigreed grain neutral spirits are combined to produce this extra-smooth, extra-flavorful whiskey. And every drop is of genuine pre-war quality!

Never forget, good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"... because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!



Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality

HEAD MAN



Tops among game fish is the bass. He's a tough

fighter, and when the hooks bite, watch out!

"He's as big as my leg! I can see him plain! Wow, what a bass!"

The fellow was excited. He was waving his arms and shouting. He would slip up and peek over the bank, then back away and start shouting instructions.

"He's a-layin' right along by a big stone, just a-fannin' his flippers. If you cast at that little bush on the bank, your plug will go right over him. I'll get on my belly and watch and tell you just what he does. Man! What a fish! He'll go ten pounds!"

A friend and I were bass fishing on a New York reservoir. The man on the bank was a patrolman or caretaker or some such thing during his spare moments, but at heart he was a bass fisher-

By RAY HOLLAND

man. Don't think we didn't reflect his enthusiasm. We did. That's why a fellow goes fishing. If the thrill wasn't there, makers of fishing tackle for game fish would soon go out of business.

I made a short cast on the far side of the boat to make sure everything was under control. This was no time for a backlash. Then I shot the plug over the fish to the shore beyond, and started reeling back in short jerks that made the surface lure boil the water.

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He didn't do nothin'!" answered our spotter.

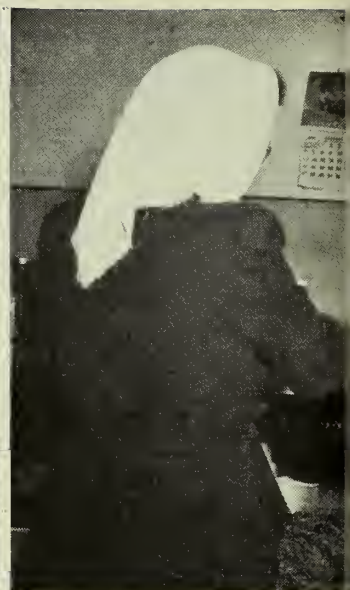
Then my partner tried him with the same result. We worked the plugs slowly and we worked them fast, but the result (*Continued on page 32*)



Bob and mom—and is she proud!



The duck hunter and his gear. At right, as salesman for a South Bend meat market



The Navy passed out mighty few Medals of Honor. One went to Bob Bush, who is back in high school with his pals

The Boy from Willapa

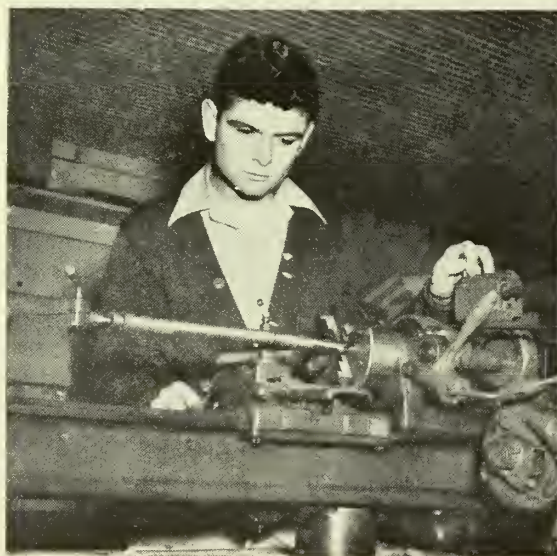
To talk to Bob Bush we drive 150 miles northwest from Portland: down the north bank of the Columbia and thence across the evergreen hills of western Washington to Willapa Bay. Several little towns cluster on or near the placid, oyster-lined shores of Willapa Bay: South Bend, Raymond, Menlo.

Bob Bush grew up here. Since the war he's been living with his mother in South Bend, a weather-beaten little lumber and fishing center. He goes to school at Menlo, seven miles distant. He's a senior in Valley High there.

Everybody along the Bay knows Bob Bush. They point

out his mother's neat little cottage up on the hill. We're not ready to go up there yet: there are several things we want to find out about this Bush boy.

The record says his full name is Robert Eugene Bush. He's 19 years old. He enlisted in the Navy two years ago, when he was just past 17, and the next spring was attached to the Marines as a Medical Corpsman. In May of 1945, age 18, he lost an eye and suffered other severe wounds on Okinawa. Two months later, honorably discharged, he was back home at Willapa Bay. *(Continued on page 52)*



The Bush breakfast for two. Left, at a high school lathe





BY ROBERT O. CASE

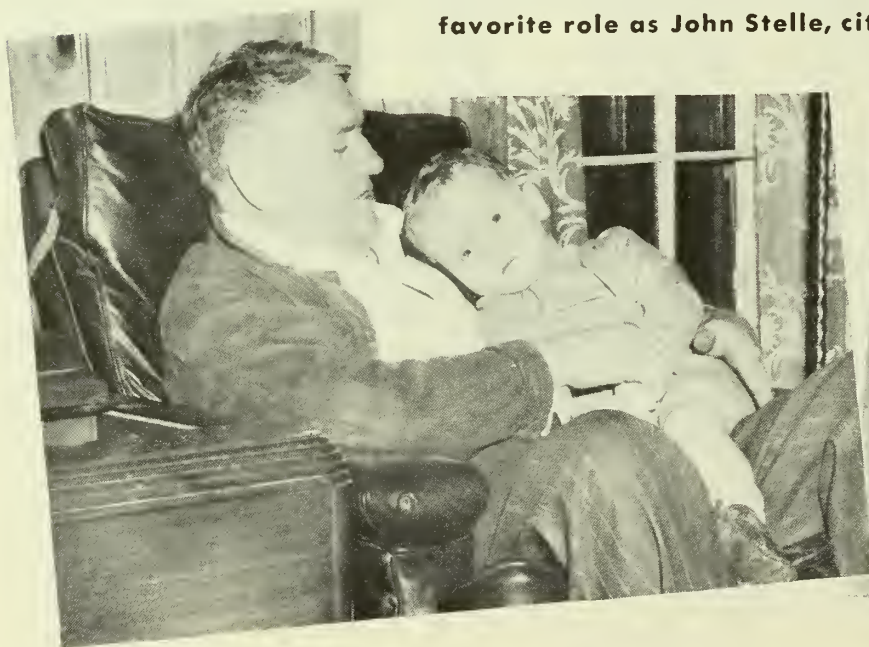


Wanda and Bob double time it for the ol' swimmin' hole. At left, the English class didn't look at Bob: the photographer asked them not to



The Stelles at Home

Here is our National Commander in his favorite role as John Stelle, citizen



The Commander and his youngest grandson, Roger, relax. At right, John Stelle the day he won his captain's bars in WWI



In a serene countryside two miles east of McLeansboro, Illinois—a pastoral setting fit for the brush of an artist—stands the spacious Stelle home. There the atmosphere of peace and contentment filling the dream of most Americans is heightened by the herds of purebred beef cattle and dairy cows, the flocks of broad-breasted turkeys and other farm fowl that roam its eight hundred broad acres. It is the home of John Stelle and his family—John Stelle, currently National Commander of The American Legion—lawyer, soldier,

industrialist, farmer, former Governor of Illinois, but always a fighting man.

John Stelle grew up at McLeansboro and attended grammar and high school there. He attended Western Military Academy at Alton and had just completed his law course at Washington University, St. Louis, when the first war broke with Germany. Dropping his shingle before it became browned by the sun, he enlisted as a private, won promotion through the grades and a (Continued on page 51)



Three generations of the Stelle family.
For identification see box on page 51



Over a mammoth radio hookup,
The American Legion is
presenting "This Is Our Duty," a series of
broadcasts you shouldn't miss

STOP, READ and LISTEN

During the early months of 1945, while World War II was still in its fury, the American Legion sponsored a series of recorded broadcasts dramatizing the work of our fighting forces and pointing out to the men in service their privileges under the GI Bill of Rights. And now again, in peacetime, the Legion has taken to the air with its current series entitled "This Is Our Duty." Begun on February 3, 1946, the program is being heard for 52 consecutive weeks over a mammoth countrywide hookup of 585 radio stations, representing every state in the Union. The show, produced by the Radio Recording Division of the Na-

tional Broadcasting Company, is being written by Robert Drohlich, a veteran of World War II.

The purpose of the series is to present the American Legion, its program and its ideals to the American people. Many of the subjects covered in the 15-minute dramas are of a general nature, while others comprise specific advice and aid promoting the nation's welfare.

A few examples of the former category are: universal education, national security, juvenile delinquency, rehabilitation, The United Nations Organiza-

tion, employment, child welfare, law and order, national defense and legislative functions of the national government. The Legion's use of the dramatic medium presents with clarity and punch the heart of these topics, driving home the relationship of the individual to the broader functions and services of the State.

The second type of program—of a more advisory nature—presents themes of this type: amendments to the GI Bill of Rights, junior baseball clubs, education of veterans, vocational training, registration and voting, and the youth activities of the American Legion.

BY ALTON KASTNER

Again the medium of drama, instead of direct exposition, is employed for the sake of emphasis and clarity.

Still a third group of subjects is used in the series—concerning our great national holidays. Thus the hundreds of stations carrying the "This Is Our Duty" broadcast on February 22, a program commemorating the birthday of our first President, linked the actions and ideals of Washington with current problems. Similar broadcasts were broadcast on Army Day, and on the birthday of The American Legion, and on other patriotic occasions. These shows will supplement, and not replace, the other traditional programs broadcast regularly by the Legion on such occasions as Armistice Day.

For the current "This Is Our Duty" series, the Radio Recording Division of the National Broadcasting Company has amassed its best radio talent. Production director of the series is a veteran producer, Drexel Hines. He is the composer of several popular tunes, including "When Love Has Gone," which he and Ray Block wrote. He joined NBC in 1943, and he soon was running some of the top shows. It is now Drex Hines' job to choose from NBC's talent pool the most suitable performers for the various parts in the "This Is Our Duty" series, to harmonize script and music with production, and to coordinate the entire series of 52 broadcasts.

The voice of announcer Carl Frank is known to millions of listeners for its acting, as well as announcing, roles. He has starred on shows as varied as "The March of Time" and "Buck Rogers." Rosa Rio, who supplies all the music for "This Is Our Duty," is noted for her virtuosity on the organ. She is in constant demand in broadcasting circles and for a few years has had her own network show.

Some of the leading performers who are starring in "This Is Our Duty" are:

Julian Noah, who has appeared on virtually every network series during the past 16 years. Some of his regular shows have

Every Man a Tycoon

You know, that atomic bomb came along just in time to save American industry from chaos. If you had spent three years in the Navy like I have, you'd know why.

War plants were running full blast, turning out planes and guns and things, but they wouldn't have run much longer. And why? Because all the big shots and all the top executives of all the big businesses were in the Navy.

I've been in eight different outfits and I know what I'm talking about. There were thirty or forty officers in each outfit, and every last one of them was a Very Important Person before he signed up.

My last skipper used to design all the drydocks in the States. The exec. personally handled all the steel used in the war plants, till he got patriotic and left his thousand-a-week job to make a measly hundred in the Navy. To show you what kind of a guy he is, he's got enough points

to go home, but he's not rushing back to all that money. Not him! He wants to stick around and sort of straighten things out. And in my last outfit there was a jaygee, only a youngster, too, but he was the foremost naval engineer on the east coast. He sacrificed a fortune to heed his country's call. There are hundreds like him. In fact, in three years I have never met an officer who was just a \$35-a-week clerk in a bank or something. They're all ex-executives, and some of them are real young too.

You can see what industry lost when these men went into service, and left the running of things to a bunch of guys so old they wouldn't have lasted much longer under the strain.

Me? Well, I don't talk about it much, but I sure left a sweet job to join the Seabees. Key man in aluminum. Fifteen thousand a year—that's what I say.

—By J. A. Murphy, Jr.

been "The Aldrich Family," "Famous Jury Trials," "The Right to Happiness," and "Superman." Broadway has seen Julian Noah in the smash hit, "The Voice of the Turtle."

Steven Chase has played in 40 movies in addition to scores of radio and stage productions. His NBC work includes "Grand Central Station" and "The Light of the World."

Ann Thomas' brittle, Brooklynese voice has assumed more than a thousand radio roles during her active career. She was Mable in "Joe and Mable," and Casey, the secretary, in the radio version of "Abie's Irish Rose." The Hollywood role of Miss Duffy, in "Duffy's Tavern," was also played by Ann, who recently starred in Bobby Clark's Broadway comedy, "The Would-Be Gentleman." All this work doesn't discourage the red-haired actress from being an active member of The American Legion Auxiliary Unit 594.

Stacey Harris forsook his acting career

at the beginning of World War II, in order to join a Free French fighting unit. After seeing action in Africa and Europe, Stacey received an honorable discharge, returned to Radio City, where he is now used on many afternoon serials such as "Pepper Young's Family," "Young Widder Brown," and "David Harum."

Neil O'Malley served as a Marine in both World Wars. His last stint of active duty terminated in 1945. Neil is now a major in the Marine Reserves, but nevertheless pursues his acting career with vigor, appearing on many network shows. One of Neil's most memorable roles was Jiggs, in the popular radio version of George McManus's comic strip.

Anne Seymour, whose theatrical ancestry goes back to 1740, started her acting career at the age of twelve, with Helen Hayes. Since her early debut, Anne's talents have been steadily demanded by radio and Broadway producers. One of Anne's roles has been the lead in NBC's "A Woman of America" series.

Edward Buka's theatrical experience includes leading parts with the famed Lunts and Ethel Barrymore. He played a top role in "Watch on the Rhine" while appearing steadily on radio shows.

And there are many, many others. There's Scott Tennyson, Ronald List, Eunice Howard, Jackson Bech, Lou Clarke, Tom Hughes, Barry Kroeger, Richard Leone, Joe DeSantos, Don Douglas, Barry Hopkins, and Ian MacAllaster.

The United States is now at peace. And The American Legion's efforts to promote the nation's welfare have only begun. Through its 14,000 posts, special committees, lectures, the press, and its new radio program, "This Is Our Duty," the Legion is working to convert the fruits of victory into positive beneficial results.



"But I'm telling you, that is the cellar window?"



This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

ARMY VOCABULARY

Sir: In your February issue was *Service Slang*—swell! I like the idea, but in seven years of service I never heard the word “boondocks.” I did hear “Bontocs” which is the name of a range of mountains on the island of Luzon in the Philippines. When a GI was “heading for the Bontocs” he was going AWOL (after women or liquor). Also, besides being a “ruptured duck” the discharge emblem is a “homing pigeon.” “Beating the gums” was a “chin fest” and “moaning the blues” was lamentations on the wrongs and ills suffered by the moaner. “Skirt patrol” was what it implied, and a guy could “take off” without being in a plane. A “hash mark” was issued after each enlistment because the “old fogey” couldn’t get along without army hash. Besides, “fogey pay” was paid to old fogies. “Skivvies” in my Army weren’t underwear—they were slippers much affected in the islands, with only toe straps and no other tops. (I still have a pair.) The red flag on the firing range, in our outfit, was called an “artillery bull.” Coffee was “mud,” catsup was “red lead,” a Pacific Islander was a “gugu,” a “punk sergeant” was the dining room orderly, a “grease monkey” was a mechanic, a “cowboy” was a dispatch rider with more nerve than sense, “tin cow” was canned milk, etc., etc.

JAMES R. MCFARLAND

Las Vegas, New Mexico

Thank you, Mr. McFarland, for your additions to “Service Slang.” Boondocks and skivvies still stand, however. The former was a word much used by the Marines; the latter by both Marines and Navy. Could be that boondocks derives from the Bontocs.

CONTINUING CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Sir: While in the Army I applied for courses through U. S. Armed Forces Correspondence Institute in an effort to gain a few remaining credits necessary for a high school diploma. I finished only one course and gained one credit, which leaves me lacking a few credits on my diploma. I am married and unable to go to school, therefore I’d like to continue these courses although I am now discharged. The Institute answered my letter a few months ago

and informed me that I could not qualify for more. I feel sure there are many other veterans who would like to do the same thing. It seems that with the Institute already set up, and charging a small fee for these courses, the Government could operate these for veterans as well as servicemen. This would certainly be less expensive to the Government than sending a fellow to school under the GI Bill. Any of a number of other correspondence schools is okay by me, but my high school doesn’t recognize credits earned through them.

M.L.L.

Tarrant, Alabama

Since the greater part of the correspondence instruction material used by USAFI was prepared by the International Correspondence Schools we checked with them and learned that veterans entitled to the educational provisions of the GI Bill may now enroll directly with I.C.S. Alabama has no standard for credit on such courses, the decision being left with high school principals. Your I.C.S. representative may be able to assist you in this matter.

YOUNG MEN GET THE BREAKS

Sir: While the GI Bill is a good thing, it is really good for one class of ex-GI’s and offers nothing for the rest. The young man comes home and is offered schooling and living expenses, worth thousands of dollars. The older man comes home, but all he can manage is a debt with obligations to repay, if he wants to take a chance on a business venture with a GI loan. Many men don’t feel qualified to take such a venture, so they turn to job-hunting. In my own case I was given a disability discharge in 1943. Before I went in service I could do anything. Now I can do only light work. I’m sure there are many others like me. It cost me plenty besides health for the time I was away from home. To cap the climax my old employer didn’t want me unless I’d work for less than the job was paying.

W.S.V.

Washington, D. C.

NOTES FROM A STORK FANCIER

Sir: I would like to sound a note of grave warning to the nation on two counts—our lack of interest in parenthood and our danger of losing the value of our recent national slogans. While the war was on progress posters screamed at us from every angle, calling upon us for more production. The chief slogan was “Keep ‘Em Flying.” I suggest that we use the flying stork for a campaign of perpetuity. We are in a period of reconversion, with bigger and better things for living to come, and with all the strikes going on there isn’t much to do just now anyway. Right now is the time to assert our masculine individualism by grabbing the big bird by the neck and demanding, “Now, give!” Each in his own individual manner could put new meaning into that old slogan, “Keep ‘em Flying.”

PETER HANS

Walden, Colorado

P.O.W. WITH A GRIPE

Sir: I happen to be one of the lucky former prisoners of the Japs who got back okay. The other day I met an officer friend, and during the conversation he asked me how much ration money I received for the 41 months I spent in the Jap prison camp. When I replied that I had received no ration money, he said he had. What’s the scoop? If the War Department thinks the enlisted men in Jap prison camps ate more rice, barley and seaweed than the officers it’s badly mistaken, because everyone was on the same ration.

DOMINIC N. PROSPERO

Wilmington, Delaware

SUGGESTS SUBDIVISION

Sir: I enjoy the AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE very much but have one complaint to make. Why isn’t the contents page subdivided under general headings such as fiction departments, etc.? I don’t consider myself any more than averagely lazy but I like to differentiate at a glance between fiction and articles.

STUART B. MOSELEY

Klamath Falls, Oregon

We now describe each piece under its title on the contents page.

DOUBLOÛNS AND PIECES OF EIGHT

Sir: I was interested in your article *He Found a Priceless Treasure* in your February issue since I live in southern Florida and know much about the treasure hunts there. I heard one story of two men who went to Key West and asked permission to pitch a tent. One morning they were gone but there was a big hole in the sand. Nearby, investigators found a few scattered coins, indicating they had found buried treasure. If anyone wants adventure, with no guarantee of results, let him try the southern part of Florida, especially the islands south of Homestead, my former home.

J. O. CARTER

Garden City, Kansas

ONE FOR THE LEGION

Sir: I’d like to answer the party who wrote you asking what the Legion offered. I am a service-connected disabled vet, with a machine-gun bullet wound in my left thigh, acquired in 1918. To get around I use two canes and a wheel-chair. Since 1931 the Legion has done more for me than any other group I know. They’ve given me food baskets, filled out hundreds of papers and provided ambulance service. That’s comradeship, and more.

HARRY W. EMERSON

Collinsville, Illinois

WHO WANTS TO FARM?

Sir: My wife and I have two farms on our hands. Help just can’t be hired for love or lots of money, nor can we rent. Both farms have good, heavy soil, good buildings, lights and running water. If there’s any soldier who really wants a good home, to buy or rent, we’ll give him a good deal.

CARL W. MEYER

Sparta, Wisconsin



Memorial

By Enos B. Comstock

How shall we honor our soldier dead
Who sleep their manhood years away,
Unmindful of the martial tread
And warlike trumpets' wild acclaim
That stirs the sentient soul to flame?

On this May day when Nature strives
To kiss all sleeping things to life,
Their sacrifice alone survives
A living mandate glorified
In those ideals for which they died.

Preparedness, a virtue bred
Of lofty aim and high ideals,
Is homage that we owe these dead:
A sacred duty may it be —
A safeguard to posterity.

So may the youth, to life assigned,
Go forth, prepared to meet the task:
And, strong of body and of mind,
Repel transgression to the end —
To no unworthy cause descend.

Not for aggression nor for gain,
But ever toward a higher goal:
Be that objective not in vain,
When nations turn to arms no more —
When men shall not be called to war.

Back to another Great outfit!



"That suits me!" you'll say
when you slip into your new
Hart Schaffner & Marx outfit. Style, fit, and the
just-right "feel" of these smart clothes are reasons
they're top choice with ex-service men.



Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Give Them Recognition

BY JOHN STELLE

National Commander

The American Legion



More than six million service men and women will have returned to civilian life by the time this issue of the Legion Magazine is placed in your hands. You've seen them coming home. You know how they have been received in your community.

Too often there is a missing face, since so many of them have started on the long journey from which there is no returning. Some of those who are returning bear a physical handicap. You marvel at their courage in overcoming the handicap of a leg shot away—an arm torn off—by the fortunes of war.

You know also—from your observations—that the great majority of these fine young Americans will resume their places in the community with a minimum of difficulty. They will go to their jobs, return to school, or follow some other line of endeavor which will permit them to re-knit the strands of life that were broken so rudely by the call to war.

For the past three years The American Legion has been planning to aid in receiving these men and women as

civilians. It has been a twofold plan. Sometimes it has moved jerkily—but always it has moved forward.

We have adjusted the machinery of the Legion so that they may join with us in this organization of veterans devoted to the task of serving the community, state, and nation. And we have labored to the end that all the benefits the Government should provide are ready and waiting against the day they leave the service.

By the hundreds of thousands they are enrolling as American Legionnaires. Already these men and women of World War II are in the majority in our two-war organization.

This is a period calling for wise counsel, thoughtful consideration, thorough understanding. For these returning service men—these new Legionnaires—are aged by the experience of war. Returning to civilian life they have definite ideas of what they want, of their ability to accomplish that want, and they are apt to look with jaundiced eye upon the individual or group that attempts to give them the brushoff.

Their opinion of The American Legion will be formed from their first experience with the manner in which the Post is administered. You and I know their value to The American Legion will increase in proportion to the continuous memberships they maintain. It is not good if, after the first year, they turn away from the Post through which they gained their first experience of The American Legion—either through disappointment or indifference.

It is one thing to enroll these new veterans. It is quite another to hold them.

We can hold them by giving them proper recognition of their importance in our organization. We must give them responsibility. We must put them to work. We must elect them to office. We must put them on our committees. We must push them ahead into positions of greater and greater leadership.

The national organization already is doing this. Post, county, district and department organizations must follow suit.

It is high time to check on ourselves. How many new World War II faces are on your important committees, in your important offices, among your delegates to conventions?

The answer is your yardstick whether your post and department are really helping in building that great partnership team in The American Legion—the veterans of World War I and the veterans of World War II.

The answer must be right—or they'll be telling us!

*Blended Right
for Pleasure
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**Enjoy the Taste
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You, too, will prefer SCHENLEY Reserve for the smooth, rich flavor which has made it America's largest-selling whiskey. Try SCHENLEY Reserve soon. Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.



SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

GENIUS UNLIMITED

(Continued from page 9)

what the OSS needed to get the blue prints away from Germany, the hack-saw blades into Rumania, and the secret papers out of Bulgaria.

Exactly how the OSS used the Brodie fieldless landing field to get its agents out of dozens of tight squeaks (and incidentally leave the enemy dumbfounded) is a story still locked in the secret files. Lieut. Brodie and the Inventor's Council, in any event, said: "Who's balmy now?"

The Army, doing the handsome thing, said it guessed it was. Lieut. Brodie at this writing is at Wright Field, Ohio, working with the Air Corps on further development of the invention which was impractical.

Getting the skeptics to give an invention a chance is one of the major problems of the Inventors' Council, headed by General Motors' scientific bossman, Charles F. Kettering, which functioned through the war in a closely guarded cul-de-sac deep within the Commerce Department in Washington. The Council studied more than 100,000 inventions submitted by hopeful patriots and actually put into use about 200. Those 200 saved thousands of American lives, hundreds of precious days and millions of dollars.

Many of the others were duplicates; many more were laughable, but nobody around the Council smiled. "If somebody had come in here four years ago," one of the councilmen said, "and told us he had a swell idea for splitting the atom, we'd have tossed him out politely upon his ear. Now we don't laugh at anybody."

An amateur naturalist living near the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico was interested in the millions of bats infesting the great caves. He got an idea.

If our aviators could take a few plane loads of bats over Germany, attach a tube of self-igniting incendiary material to the

chest of each one (a bat does have a chest), and release same after sunset, there'd be fireworks before morning. Or so he wrote the Council. The bats would seek the nearest belfry, attic, or ammunition storehouse, roost in the rafters, and set a lot of German real estate on fire.

The Council turned this idea over to the Army, which said it investigated the idea (it didn't say where or even how) and decided that while a plain bat in an airplane is dangerous enough, an explosive bat would drive everybody batty. The idea didn't make the grade. Neither did the combination airplane and submarine, nor the automatic electric chest gun of a Floridian, designed to kill the enemy, and the shakier the wearer's knees, the better.

The inventor said all an infantryman had to do was wear a harness something like shoulder braces. This held a gun in the middle of his chest, with its short muzzle making a small bump in his shirt. A wire went down his pants leg to a push-button on his right knee. So the enemy comes along, our soldier's legs begin to shake, his left knee touches the button on his right knee, the electric impulse travels up the wire, and boom! Our soldier gets a hole in his shirt and another Nazi bites the dust. No snickers, please. If the Inventor's Council can keep a straight face, so can you. Let's change the subject, anyhow, to Charles Learned, the Carmel, California, filling station operator, who remembered what he'd learned as a boy scout.

He sent to Washington his sample of a signaling mirror, so arranged with a peephole in the quicksilver that a shipwrecked sailor could focus a reflection of the sun steadily upon approaching planes as far as eight miles away. This looked like a magnificent idea to the Navy, which had been worrying with the same problem.

Millions of his reflectors provided peace of mind for every sailor afloat and saved

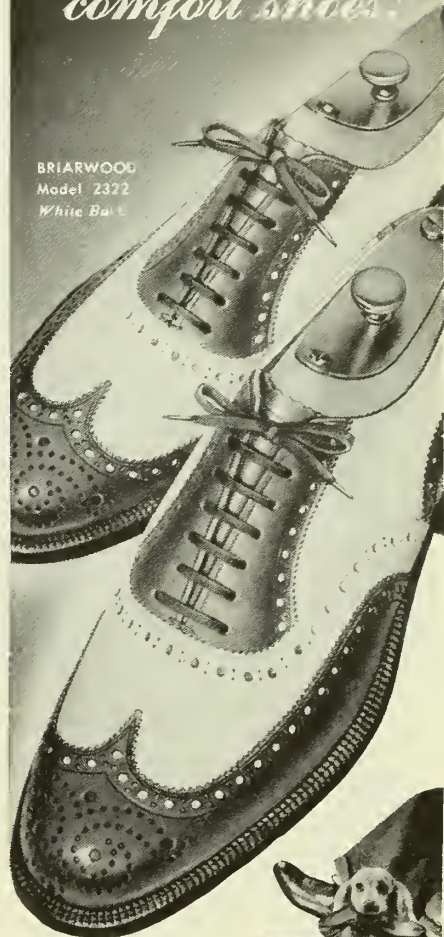


"Ummm, good! Who is it?"

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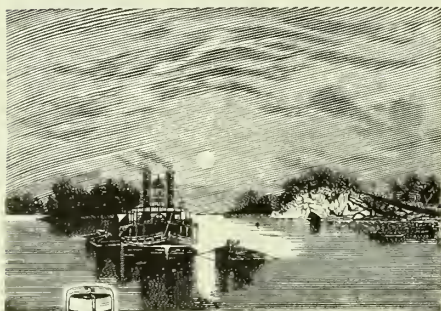
- ★ Yields with every step
- ★ Absorbs shocks, jars
- ★ Keeps you foot-fresh



"Ah! What a Cocktail" you'll say, when you try the Wagon Wheel

The Recipe:

1/2 jigger Southern Comfort, 1/4 jigger brandy, 1/5 jigger lemon juice, 3 dashes grenadine syrup. Shake. Serve in frosted cocktail glass with red stemmed cherry.



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The Wagon Wheel is but one of the many marvelous drinks, short and tall, that have made 100 Proof Southern Comfort so popular. But... Only Two, Remember... No Gentleman Will Ask for Three! You'll enjoy all the exciting recipes in the booklet on the bottle. Others mailed on request.

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SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

many a man whose ship had been blasted out from under him.

The Magnavox Radio Co. turned from phonographs de luxe to the electric-firing device for the bazooka; somebody else concocted the 25-ton jumble of iron wheels to explode buried mines, while some soldiers at Camp Walters, Tex., thought up the one easy way to bridge rivers.

They packed into a mortar shell a rope with an anchor on one end of it. Then they pulled the trigger, never forgetting, of course, to hold the other end of the rope. This shot the rope across the river; the anchor held it to the earth on the other side. The rest was easy. The experts tested the scheme and found it good. The Texas G.I.'s were on top. Then, blooie! An Engineer Corps captain already in Europe, faced with rivers that actually needed bridging in a hurry, produced exactly the same article.

Warner Baxter, the good gray movie star in Hollywood, patented a gun which automatically found its own target; the scientists investigated this and decreed that it was good for shooting burglars, maybe, but not too useful for pinking Nazis. Baxter's artillery consisted simply of a revolver with a flash light mounted on the barrel. When the beam of light hits the target, fire! It was as easy as that, only the army decided the Germans might open up with the heavy guns on the source of the light.

Then there is Hedy Lamarr, who sent to the Council her idea of a magnetic robot to steer torpedoes straight into the side of Jap warships.

Word got out about this, thanks to her industrious press agents, while the scientists in Washington kept mum, smiled and caught the inevitable deluge of inventions by citizens attempting to follow in her footsteps. Her torpedo steerer was an idea, all right, but it was so ponderous the experts concluded any missile to which it was attached would go down, instead of east.

But she gave them the kind of advertising mere money could not buy, bless her heart.

HEAD MAN

(Continued from page 19)

was just the same. We changed lures. Underwater plugs that went right by him brought no better results than the surface lures.

"Now watch him," I called to the fellow on the bank. "I'm going to put on a heavy spoon and drag it right by him. Tell me just what he does."

"You've played hell now," said our friend as he got on his feet. "That spoon went right across his back and he didn't like it."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He just moved over and then swam slowly out into deep water."

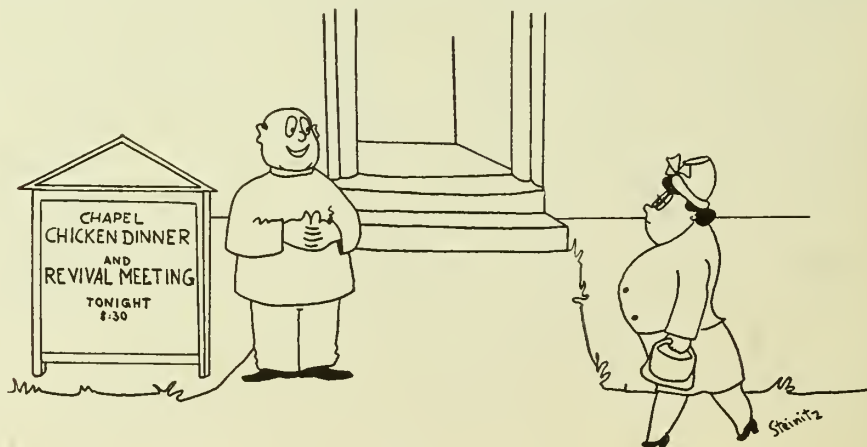
Our friend, likewise, moved slowly on up the shore, with a sort of dejected air and we continued plugging the bank line.

I'm still thinking about that big bass and I never fish that water without giving the spot a good work-out. Maybe some day, he'll be in the notion.

Temperament is just one of the qualities that make black bass the foremost game fish in America. If we had a fish for a National Emblem instead of a bird, the bass would hold that place of honor. To begin with, you find him everywhere. I don't recall ever seeing a bass in Wyoming or hearing of anyone catching one in that state, but I'll bet there are bass in Wyoming. If I'm wrong that is the only state where bass can't be caught.

A bass in cold water is no gentleman. He's a tough, two-fisted fighter. A bruiser, who often hits a lure because it makes him mad and not because he's hungry. And when the hooks bite, look out! He doesn't swim slowly back and forth until he is worn out and you can bring him to the net. Not him! He comes out in the air and shakes himself like a wet spaniel, and he may throw that lure back in your face. If nature had given him a voice, he would growl at you.

The bass fisherman seldom boasts of how long it took him to land a certain fish, for the battle with a bass is usually fast and furious. You either catch him and

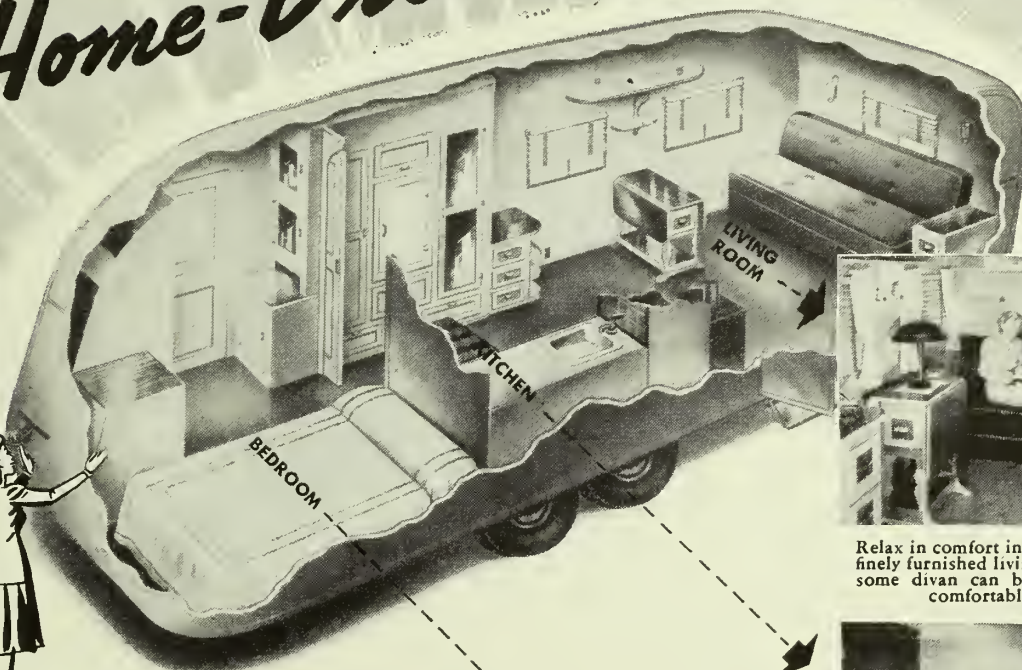


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tame him or he goes home. I don't mean that you horse him in. That is one of the quickest ways to lose a big fish. A heavy hand gives the fish something to work against. A tight line that makes him work and tires him out is the thing—but put on too much power and he'll tear the hook out and leave you in short order.

The old warning—"Don't let him get any slack! Keep your line tight!" doesn't always make sense either. When a bass comes out of water and shakes himself, I always give him his head. I catch more fish that way. He may throw that hook no matter what you do, but I believe that he is less likely to leave you if you let up on the pressure when he is thrashing around the air, than if your line is tight and he has something to jerk against.

The first thing that the bait fisherman learns about bass is that he feeds on live bait only. Unless it moves he is not interested. The bait must be alive or you must move it and fool him into believing that it is alive. Small frogs, minnows, helgrammites and crawfish are favorite bass foods. Some days the bass may prefer one, some days another. Then again there are those times when they just aren't hungry. Crickets, roaches and grasshoppers catch bass and there are probably more bass taken on angle worms than any other live bait, because more men and boys use worms.

Most men work a plug too fast although some days that is the way the fish like them. Usually a slow plug will catch more fish for me. Cast out a surface disturbing lure and jerk it around a few times and then let it lie. Don't be afraid of letting it stay motionless too long. Then twitch it a little. If there was a cantankerous old bass in the neighborhood, the chances are good that he swam near when the commotion was going on, just to see what all the shootin' was about. He lies there looking at the motionless plug and the thing twitches!

Now that is something different. This stranger is alive and stirring up a commotion in his personal bailiwick. That is something he won't stand for. With a swirl, he grabs that plug and the plug grabs him. You don't have to set the hooks in that kind of a bass. He attends to that. Just tighten your line and feel them in a little deeper to make sure they won't shake out—which they will probably do the first time the fish jumps out of water.

The fly rod man claims his method of taking bass offers the last word in sport. With a four or five ounce rod and fairly light leader he offers standard bass flies, streamers, buck-tails, cork-bodied bugs, feather minnows and light spinners; and they catch fish at times when both surface and under-water lugs will not interest the fish. The old standby was two flies—a Montreal on the stretcher and a Yellow Sally on the dropper. When retrieving this tandem cast, dangle the dropper on



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Yes, Softballers here's a real double header! And you'll be right every time with this great combination . . . a genuine Louisville Slugger Softball Bat and a copy of the 1946 H & B Official Softball Rule Book. It always pays to play with the best and to know all the rules of the game.

Ask your dealer for the new 1946 Official Softball Rules or if he can't supply you, send 10¢ in stamps or coin direct to Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Inc., Dept. L-21, Louisville, Kentucky.



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the surface. The bass is supposed to think that the Montreal is a minnow chasing a fly. He may take either one, depending on his taste at that particular time. If he doesn't show interest, let the flies sink and fish them deep with short jerks. Try letting feather minnows and bugs play dead. Often it will work. Place a spinner ahead of a streamer fly. This combination is a great killer. Ordinarily the plug caster doesn't have to set the hook—the bass does it for him. The fly fisherman must drive the point home quick, before the fish spits out the lure.

The fly rod man must set his hook and keep on setting it until he is sure that it is in past the barb. The fellow who fishes with live bait, if he wants to make sure of his fish, lets the bass run on a slack line and swallow the bait before he sets back on his rod.

The poorest bass fishing I ever had was years ago in Lake Minnetonka, just outside Minneapolis. A friend and I heard about a guide who would furnish the bait and take you fishing in his boat for \$10 a day. If you didn't catch fifty bass you didn't owe him a cent. Now in those days you could hire a good able-bodied guide who would row all day for \$1.50. And he could take that one dollar and fifty cents and buy something with it. We discussed the matter at length and counted our money. The decision was to try him once anyway.

Our man tied his row-boat to one of the big street-car boats that operated on the lake at that time and away we went. When out in the center of the lake he signaled that he wanted off. The boat stopped and we piled into the skiff and our guide took the oars. He rowed a short distance looking first at one shore and then the other.

Finally he said: "Take a frog out of that bucket, put him on and cast over there."

He had previously put just enough lead on our lines to sink a frog slowly. We did as we were told and nothing happened. He didn't wait or tell us to cast again. Instead, he said:

"Reel 'em up, I've got to move north a little farther."

We reeled up and he moved and we cast again. This time we both got a strike almost immediately. We took those bass off and caught two more and so it went. The fish ran about a pound and a half and were all about the same size. It was the poorest bass fishing I ever had. We hailed a passenger boat before noon and went home, with far too many fish. Nothing in this world is worth much if it comes too easy.

The most alluring thing about bass fishing is the moodiness of the temperamental fellow. Sometimes he just won't play. At other times you have to coax him, and that's another reason why he is head man among the game fish.

I PICK JOE LOUIS

(Continued from page 13)

be on his way good before I'll open up this time.

"Sure I'll trade punches with him. How else can I outpoint him? But I'll respect his power and his ability to take a punch this trip—and when I toss one I'll be looking out for my own chin. If he hits me again it won't be because of my poor judgment.

"Louis will have to earn what he gets. He ain't going to get lucky on my account. I don't give a damn how mad *he* gets. I'm not going to get mad and think I'm another Dempsey. I'm not going to tease him, I'm going to outbox him, calmly and scientifically. I have the brains and speed, he has the weight and wallop."

Billy says three years of Army life is good for a man, generally speaking, but it doesn't help a fighter. "It didn't help me, and it didn't help Louis."

Condition means a lot, and though Conn is known to be a great night-clubber he says, "When they say I won't be in shape they're crazy. Gene Tunney's nuts. Who the hell does he think he is? I'll be in just as good shape as I was the first time. A little heavier, that's all. But the extra weight will be solid. I've grown."

Casing the opposition, it was pointed out to Billy that Joe Louis' original brain trust has been decommissioned. Jack Blackburn is dead. John Roxborough is in the clink, and John Black is out of the managerial picture. Asked if the loss of these men from Louis' board of strategy would have any psychological effect on himself or Louis, Conn said: "Blackburn was a smart teacher and corner man. His absence certainly can't make Louis more confident, probably less. As for me, I don't care. I'm fighting Louis, ain't I?"

We asked Billy if he would needle Louis verbally as he did in the last fight. "I might," he mused, "if I can talk him out of the fight, why not?"

"I was never afraid of Louis and I'm not now. I respect him more, but the day hasn't dawned when Billy Conn was afraid of any man.

"Do I think I can beat him? I've always thought so and still do. It's questionable that I can outslug him, but I know I can outbox him, and if you win, why you're the champ, whether by a KO or on points. My big advantage now is that I know Louis can recover from a solid push on the whiskers."

Well, that's Mr. Conn's side of the story. We saw the last fight from Row A, with our nose almost under the ropes, and we think differently. We seriously wonder if Billy can ever whip Joe Louis. In Conn's favor we can place speed, equal courage, faster reflexes, and the ability to switch an attack in mid-round without shuffling back to his corner for a discussion with his board of directors.



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SOUTH BEND

A Name Famous in Fishing

In Louis' favor we place superior weight and superior firepower. And this last is what may eventually wear down and sink Challenger Conn. As a matter of cold fact, Conn has had little experience against heavyweights aside from his first meeting with Joe Louis. Before his first Louis fight he had faced only eight heavyweights, and the only man of his class in the list of eight was Bob Pastor. Bob claimed he was fouled by Conn in Round 13 on Sept. 6, 1940, and was counted out on his knees while protesting he had been hit low. Here is Conn's heavyweight record:

Date	Opponent	Result
Aug 14, 1939	Gus Dorazio	K.O. 8
Jan. 10, 1940	Henry Cooper	Won 12
Sept. 6, 1940	Bob Pastor	K.O. 13
Oct. 18, 1940	Al McCoy	Won 10
Nov. 29, 1940	Lee Savold	Won 12
Mar. 6, 1941	Dan Hassett	K.O. 5
April 4, 1941	Gunnar Barlund	K.O. 8
May 26, 1941	Buddy Knox	K.O. 8
June 18, 1941	Joe Louis	K.O. by 13

It is very popular to compare the dancing, jabbing Billy Conn with Jim Corbett. Corbett kayoed John L. Sullivan in Corbett's 13th fight. However, Corbett had sharpened himself on such men as Joe Choynski and Peter Jackson. Corbett had a total of 136 rounds of action behind him against heavyweights when he squared off against the great John L.

Condition means a lot, and being away from competition for so long may have made radical changes in either Conn or Louis. Conn is a great man-about-town. Louis is not. It is our belief that Louis has slipped less than Conn.

If Louis wins, everyone will say as they did in the previous fight, "You have an unfair advantage in weight. You are picking on a little guy."

If Conn wins they will insist that Louis has slipped badly.

We remember watching Louis one day as he completed his daily workout as light-hearted as a boy going fishing on a spring Saturday. We began to talk about Conn,

and Louis' mood suddenly changed. He snorted at the mention of Conn's name. . . . "When do you expect to catch him, Joe?" we asked. Louis' lips parted. "I hope," Joe said, "I hope to catch him with his mouth open."

Well, we shall see what we shall see.

CANDACE GOES TO COURT

(Continued from page 16)

zine that Hollywood stars had been giving away kisses to quicken Victory Bond sales. This put a notion in her head. She talked it over with Al Jenkins, proprietor of Kismet's general store, which included the post office. Al is known for his affability and willingness to try anything once.

"Fine!" he told her, half jokingly. "The regular 'drive' is over but we can have one of our own. The more bonds sold the better and with you throwing in a kiss for good measure, the boys'll sure go for it. I'll chip in my last doubloon myself!"

As already intimated, Candace has plenty of endearing young charms to gaze on and Al knew she could sell bonds that way. After fixing a date he posted some typewritten announcements and asked Myrtila Lane, his post office clerk, to spread the news to the countryside over the telephone party lines. Myrtila, being human, chuckled at the thought that Miss Hoity Toity might stub her toe on this kissing business and left no phone unring.

Feminine listeners said, "Aw, shucks!" but the boys and men said, "Hoddog!" and Al got the publicity he sought.

The sale, held in the Jenkins store, was largely attended, with everybody in fine humor—at the start. As master of ceremonies, Al claimed the privileges of buying the first bond and got the first kiss. After that the buying was more than spirited.

Candace was as angelic as she was pretty until Lafe stepped up and planked down for a bond. She shoved his money back.

"I'm not stooping to kiss Roarks, I thank you!" she snapped. "After the way



"... and to my son-in-law, Harry . . . oh, oh . . . Will the ladies present please leave the room for a few minutes?"

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to describe your
first big catch*

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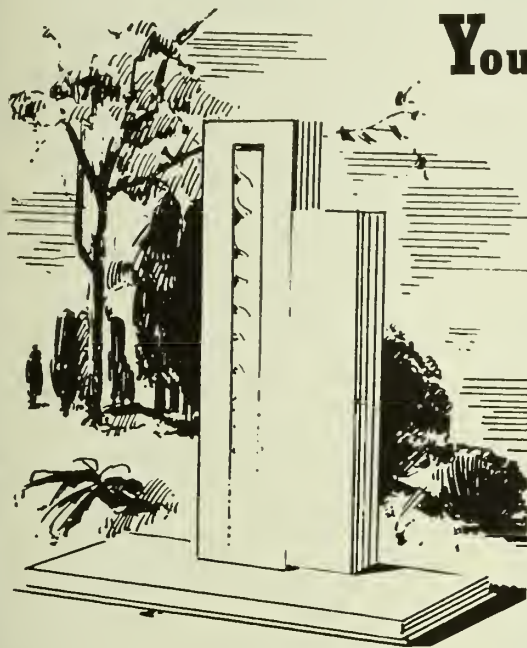
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your folks waylaid and shot mine you've got your nerve even coming into my presence!" She'd heard that "not stooping" and "coming into my presence" stuff on the radio and thought it sounded actressy.

Lafe laughed good-naturedly. "Between 'em, the Minters an' the Roarks used up lots o' waylayin' an' shootin'," he said, "but that was before *our* time. Let's forget it. Be a good Joe—give a guy a kiss!"

"One thousand times NO!" she declaimed throatily. "You not only come of a family of murderers and robbers, you look like a baboon!"

The crowd gasped. That kind of talk could bring on complications. Lafe, however, showed no sign of resentment. "Le's be fair," he said with a conciliatory smile. "My folks claim they never shot at anybody that wasn't shootin' at them an' I never heard 'em accused of stealin' before. They don't do that. An' you oughtn't to say I look like a baboon."

"Conversing with you is contaminating!" said Candace doing her best to spit the words.

"Ball one!" Lafe grinned. "That'n went over my head! But listen, Candace. Have a heart. I like you and I'm dead set on getting that kiss. Tell you what I'll do. You know my Edna pony, the sorrel? She's got more high-toned ancestors than a Daughter of the Revolution an' looks like poetry listens—same as you! Well, you

gimme a kiss an' I'll give you the pony! You two'd rhyme nice together!"

Candace was thrown off balance for a moment. Something in Lafe's voice and the look in his eyes appealed to her, and besides, the pedigreed Edna was a beauty and Candace wanted her. But she couldn't stop actressing now.

"I scorn your bribe!" she sneered. "And I scorn you too, PERIOD!"

"I'm sorry," said Lafe, still good-humoredly. "Maybe I better go climb the

family tree an' eat myself a coconut!" He tipped his hat and walked out.

That took the heart out of the sale and pretty soon the crowd melted away. Candace was excused on the ground that she was born like that and could outgrow it. It might have ended there but for what happened next day. It was Sunday and Candace and Lafe were among the villagers waiting at the Jenkins store for the mail truck to come in.

Lafe went up to the girl, grinning as



"I'm getting tired, Harry. Let's rest awhile"



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usual, and said, "Don't turn on your flame thrower till I tell you somethin'. You wouldn't swap me a kiss for my pony, but I got it anyhow. After I went to sleep last night I dreamed I made you that offer again an' you said, 'Lafe, I don't want no hoss; I want you, my little baboon!' an' you gimme a kiss that sure was high octane, no foolin'! So I get my kiss an' keep my pony too, exclamation point!"

The bystanders laughed and for once in her life Candace was speechless. She stood still for a moment and turned her back on Lafe and walked out of the store.

To add to her vexation, the village humorists began calling her "Dream Girl," and asking how her little baboon was doing. After a week of this she declared that she was going to ask Granpap Hines to "redress her wrongs." She'd heard that on the radio too. The Minter grown-ups told her she was making a dunce of herself, but she knew better. "I've got a claim," she said. "You wait and see."

Granpap, whose patriarchal air, good sense and all-round loveliness make him more an institution than a mere justice of the peace, arbitrates local controversies in a fashion of his own. "My judgments are free," he says, "an' you take 'em or leave 'em as you see fit." The disputants take 'em. Tall and lanky, in his faded Prince Albert and moth-eaten stovepipe hat he looks like a museum piece, but his ideas are up with the times.

The "hearing" was held in the Jenkins store, with several unsmiling Minter and Roark men standing about. Most of the gathering had come to scoff, but the oldsters dreaded to think what might happen if somebody said the wrong thing.

Granpap, sitting at a little table, rapped for order. "All right, Missy," he said to Candace. "What is it now that's eatin' on you?"

"Vilification," she told him, actressing again. "Lafe here offered me a pony to kiss him. I wouldn't do it but afterwards he bragged that I kissed him in a dream and now everybody pokes fun at me. And I'm sick of it. Lafe says himself the kiss was just the same as sure enough—and that's my claim. He got the kiss and now I want the pony!"

Granpap shushed the giggling that followed that and turned to Lafe. "What've you got to say to this heenyus charge, son?" he asked.

"Nothin' except I'm ashamed of hurtin' Candace's feelin's," was the reply. "She won't believe me when I say I like her, but I do an' I'm sorry I done like I did, honest!"

Granpap stared at the ceiling as if in deep thought before turning back to Candace. "No statoot that I know of covers this case, Missy," he said with exaggerated gravity, "but I'll try an' make it come out even steven. The judgment of the court is this: you go to bed early tonight an' dream you got the pony!"

Even the Minter men laughed at that and, after covering her blushes with her hands, Candace joined in. Everybody laughed but Lafe. He was serious as he walked over to where the girl stood, still laughing, rather sheepishly, but laughing.

"I *am* sorry, Candace," he said contritely. "You're too pretty a girl for me to hurt, even jokin'. an' I wish I hadn't. Lemme tell what I'll do. I'm makin' that offer all over again an' on top of that, I'll throw in a fifty dollar saddle—honest!"

She stared at him wide-eyed and open-mouthed for a moment, reading and understanding the pleading in his eyes, and then, no longer an actress, impulsively tiptoed, put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Lafe looked drunk when she drew back and smiled at him. "Li-listen, honey," he stammered. "I'll throw myself in for another one like that!"

Candace didn't hesitate this time. "I'm taking you up on that too!" she said with a queer hitch in her voice and a queerer sensation about her heart, and, tiptoeing, she kissed him again.

"Well, I be damn!" exclaimed an astonished onlooker.

Granpap expressed the general reaction to this romantic episode as Candace and Lafe walked out into the open together. "Gals is unpredictable," he observed in his best judicial manner. "An'," he added after a moment's reflection, "it looks like it come out even steven at last!"

SATAN MOVES BACK

War ships proceeding in formation have a certain position, so many degrees and yards from the guide ship which they must maintain at all times. When a ship gets out of position it is liable to be reprimanded by the task unit commander who picks up the TBS (talk between ships) transmitter and, calling the ship by its code name, gives the order to resume position. Although the message may be directed to only one ship, every ship in the formation picks it up.

The code name of one of the carriers we worked with in the Pacific was Satan. One night when the task unit commander was in the combat information center, watching his ships on the radar screen, this particular carrier got ahead of the formation.

Usually TBS messages are handled by one of the commander's assistants. But this night the big man took personal charge.

"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN," he ordered, for all the ships to hear.—By R. M. Dobie

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GREAT BIG LUMMOX

(Continued from page 11)

Possibly the Colonel remembers her?"

The brass' hearts ached in sympathy. LummoX was just the sort of guy who would fall hard and stay that way. The one real pretty girl in the town had been dated until she was booked weeks ahead. Every man had worked hard to make an impression that would stand out above the others. Male pride in each officer and man's heart dictated that he shouldn't be "just another guy" in Jean's eyes. "LummoX—I mean McGee—" the colonel said sympathetically, "I hope . . . well . . . we . . . er . . ."

"You've always had your men's best interests at heart, sir," LummoX interrupted. "You're trying to break it to me gently that in a field of thoroughbreds an old crow-bait of a horse like me didn't have a prayer in the Jean Handicap. When I found she was booked solid for two months and the best I could get was an afternoon movie date, I went off to a quiet spot, sat down and thought it over. I sat so long on a plank, in the rain, my fanny was drenched and stone cold before I realized it. I said, 'LummoX, in this race you've gotta be the dark horse.'"

"And . . . ?" The brass leaned forward as one man.

"I wrote her and asked if we could be 'Pen Pals,'" LummoX explained. "She said it suited her, so I wrote once a week, and she answered."

"And you never tried to date her again?" the colonel asked.

"What, and spoil it all?" He grinned. "She got intrigued as hell. The deal drove her nuts. The night before she sailed, I dropped in without warning. She was packing and wasn't dating anyone. She was annoyed. 'I'm Pen Pal LummoX,' I told her. 'There's an American Legion convention coming up a couple of years after this war and it's going to be something they'll tell their great grandchildren about. Here and now, I'm putting in my bid to date you exclusively for the whole show.'"

"What did she say?" the colonel asked.

A tender gleam came into his eyes. "She said, 'Darling!' like she was out of breath, threw both arms around my neck and kissed me. It was the kind of a kiss that makes a man's toes turn downward like they were trying to meet his heels. I came back to camp with my knees full of rubber and spots floating before my eyes. NOW!" LummoX boomed, "you know why I'm staying here in Alaska. I'm going to mine Gold Creek, get a stake to go into business on a large scale, plus enough dough to do the Legion convention in style. I'll buy champagne for all of you."

"LummoX!" the colonel exclaimed, "you're a positive genius! You . . . er . . ." His face clouded, his eyes grew sad, "Gold Creek, did you say?" The brass

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knew certain details about Gold Creek. There had been dirty work at the cross-roads on the part of some of the men of the outfit—dark deeds that might have caused shooting in the gold rush days. The brass' hearts bled for Private Lum-mox, the victim.

"Yes, Gold Creek. It's that little short deal seven miles from camp," Lum-mox explained.

"Yes, we know," the colonel said. Lum-mox's face was so happy, so bright with enthusiasm, that the bleeding in the colonel's heart became a severe hemor-rhage. He felt like ordering certain men shot, and he wasn't inclined to wait until sunrise.

He and Lum-mox both remembered the first breathing spell after the outfit hit Alaska. It had been a sort of minor stampede. Mess pans, skillets borrowed with the cook's knowledge, and tin wash basins all served as gold pans. They found near-by creeks flowing through tailing piles left by the '98 stampedeers. Each pan yielded "colors"—gold so fine that it did not pay to mine it. But it thrilled them.

Private Lum-mox had taken a crack at Gold Creek, but without any luck. "What's the matter with this creek?" he asked Flapjack Meehan, an early day sourdough occupying a nearby cabin. "No gold?"

"Oh there's plenty of pay in Gold Creek," Flapjack answered. "It's a short stream, running through a narrow canyon. The creek bed is a mass of roots, growing around boulders. A man can't make wages cutting through the overburden to pay. Now if it was a big creek, you could bring in machinery—a dragline outfit; or pipe water from lakes back in the mountains and go after it with a monitor. But it'd cost more'n the creek would pay."

"Who owns it?" Lum-mox asked.

"Open ground. All you have to do is stake it," Flapjack said.

The next chance Private Lum-mox had at the creek, he went to work—cutting roots, moving boulders, and fighting water that seeped into his operation faster than he could pump it out. He panned gravel one day, and nearly broke his neck getting to Flapjack's cabin. His face was flushed, his big hands trembled. "What're these nuggets worth?" he asked.

Flapjack stared in astonishment, "You got nearly a hundred dollars' worth," he said.

"Show me how to stake that ground," Private Lum-mox panted.

He staked the ground that afternoon, and that evening spent the gold on drinks for the outfit. But the next time he worked Gold Creek the roots were bigger, the boulders larger, and the water seepage faster. "Meehan is right," he growled, "You can't handle this without machinery." Then he went over to a patch of sunlight, sat down, and thought a long time.

The brass knew the history of "Pri-

WHEN YOU'RE ALL SET
TO PUT OVER A BIG DEAL...



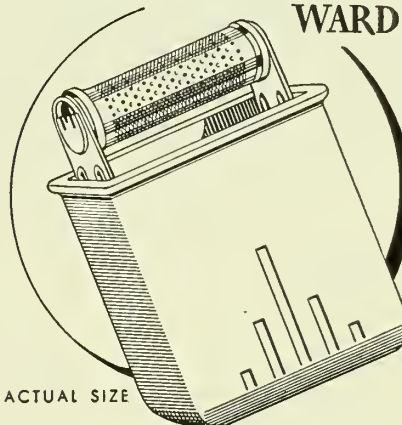
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"We recommend and urge the American Legion posts and departments to lend continuing and active support to the armed services, to the end that the program for voluntary enlistments may be successfully accomplished."

Thus every Legionnaire has the opportunity of helping his country . . . and his Regular Army . . . by backing the enlistment drive for 1,550,000 men to the fullest extent. Contact high-type young men, and young ex-service men in your community and explain the outstanding advantages of enlistment in the new Regular Army. The Regular Army offers one of the best jobs in the world today. You—who have been soldiers in the past—know the need and importance of building this volunteer Army now. Continue to serve by helping to enlist new Guardians of Victory.

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Private	50.00	32.50	56.25

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vate LummoX's Mine" as the outfit termed it. Now the colonel mentally summed up the situation. "Private LummoX wishes to remain and save himself the time and expense of returning to mine Gold Creek. Unless the venture is successful, he can't start other mining operations in Alaska. And he'll never have enough to finance the Legion convention. And, of course, he wants to marry Jean. Oh Lordy! What a situation."

He looked at the others. Obviously the others were expecting him to break the bad news. "Private LummoX—I mean McGee," he said, "soldiers are great at playing practical jokes."

"Right. I've played my share." Private LummoX answered. "In the army a man has to have a sense of humor."

"Private LummoX—I mean McGee," the colonel said, "as a joke, the boys *salted* the ground you were working on Gold Creek. They took up a collection, bought nuggets from an old timer and mixed them in with the gravel."

"They did, eh?" Private LummoX laughed. He laughed like hell. "It's a good thing I've a sense of humor." And he laughed some more. "But just the same, I'd like to stay here and work that creek awhile."

"Very well," the colonel said. "You'll be given your honorable discharge."

As Private LummoX emerged, the sergeant asked, "What'd they say about a guy who spends his pay on a wrecked tank?"

"They forgot to ask," he replied.

Ex-private LummoX stood on the sodden wharf yelling salty farewells at his outfit. When the transport disappeared around the point he hurried to the mouth of Gold Creek, where he met Flapjack Meehan. Together they packed two five-gallon cans of fuel over a crude trail to a tank. "Well, Gertie," he said, "here I am!"

He emptied the tins into the fuel tank, started and warmed up the motor. Gertie rumbled slowly over the trail, smashing down small trees in her path, and finally coming to a halt on the road.

"Okay, Flapjack!" Private LummoX said. "I often wondered whether a tank could fight its way up Gold Creek to the beaver dams, but I never could talk the brass into making the test."

Gertie moved ponderously forward, the treads slipping and tearing their way into the canyon. At times water boiled around Gertie's boxom figure and threatened to engulf her. Invariably she pulled clear, leaving debris behind her.

She completed the climb, but remained in the creek bed. The water flowed slowly here, the stream was wider and not so deep. "Well, Girl, you made it," he said, "I knew you would. Now let's see what you can do against a beaver dam."

She clambered up the logs the beavers had placed with such care, then smashed down through the dam. Gertie stopped at a drunken angle and Private LummoX smoked a cigaret and watched many acres of water behind the dam roar down Gold Creek. When the flood dwindled, he went on and smashed other dams.

Gertie returned slowly. She gave Private LummoX a bad time when boulders threatened to become tank traps, but she bucked and lurched her way over the boulders, and cut through networks composed of thousands of roots, narrowly missed sinking in a couple of pools, and finally stopped beside Flapjack Meehan's cabin. "Tomorrow," he said, "I'll open up more beaver dams and sluice out the muck and debris."

"And the next day," Flapjack said, "we'll start panning the gravel in the pools."

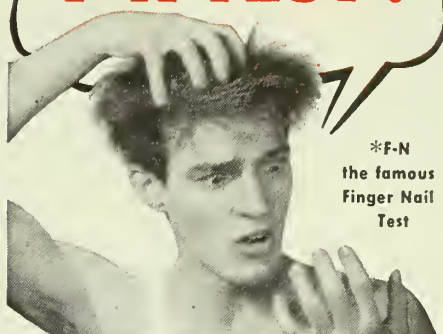
A band and crowds of pretty girls met



"Now watch them make with their Jap chop sticks—the show offs"

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

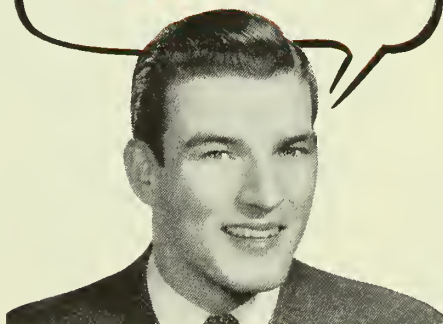
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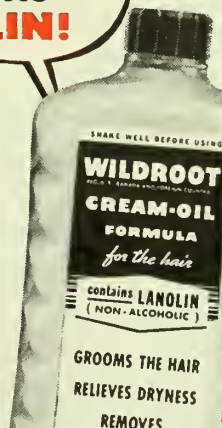
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the transport in Seattle. A kid with newspapers managed to get aboard. On an inside page was an item that startled the homecoming outfit. It read:

Cold Deck, Alaska—Using a condemned tank to tear up the gravel and roots, and water stored behind beaver dams to sluice out the debris and overburden, a former service man, Steve McGee, known locally as Private LummoX, reached bedrock on Gold Creek several days ago. For years Gold Creek's boulders and roots have defied experienced miners to recover the gold at a profit.

Local experts estimate McGee's claim, worked by his method, will net between thirty and forty thousand dollars. McGee's interest in the claim began when buddies salted what was previously thought to be a worthless claim, but his novel method of working it has led to promising values. Today McGee is thinking of investing the proceeds in new operations on a larger scale.

"Thinking is right," said the colonel to his fellow brass. "Sitting on his fat fanny thinking his way to a fortune, while the rest of us wonder about jobs—the great big lummoX."

S O S

On his first day back in college ex-sergeant Jim Larson was in a tough spot. His Spanish teacher, Miss Caprile, sent him to the blackboard to write out some sentences. During three years in the army as a radio operator Jim had forgotten about all the Spanish he ever knew. He was soon stumped over the Spanish word for "to be." All eyes turned on him as he faltered. The blank expression on his face portrayed his difficulty. Silence. At this crucial moment another ex-GI unexpectedly came to his rescue. His friend took a pencil and quickly tapped out "dit-dit-dit dit dit-dah-dit" on his desk. Bill immediately recognized the familiar Morse Code and followed the faithful pencil clicks throughout the rest of the exercise.

Everything was fine until Miss Caprile broke in with a long string of Spanish sentences. Jim didn't understand a word. Suddenly, through the silence he heard a few brief tapings. He smiled, erased the blackboard and triumphantly returned to his seat, exactly as Miss Caprile had directed. What Jim had recognized was his friend's "QNW" signal, a familiar radio abbreviation for "Close Down."

—By Howard René Stephenson

ATHLETE'S FOOT

TRACKED INTO YOUR HOME



Use Doctor's Famous Prescription the Moment Toes Itch or Skin between them is Cracked

Athlete's foot is highly infectious. If tracked into your home, it exposes every member of your family to it. Do not wait. At the first sign of itching, cracked, raw or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet—get Dr. Scholl's Solvex. It acts in 5 important ways:

- 1 Quickly relieves intense itching
- 2 Kills the fungi of Athlete's Foot on contact
- 3 Helps make perspiration conditions of the feet less favorable to infection
- 4 Aids in prevention of spreading
- 5 Helps promote natural healing

Dr. Scholl's Solvex (Liquid, Ointment or Powder) only 50c at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. Don't accept a substitute. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Solvex.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

HOT, TENDER FEET?

Soothing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot!

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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The Big Money-making Rabbit For Fur and Food.

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Easy Work. Little Time. Small Space. Chin-Chin Fur Factory runs itself!

An Ideal Business for Anybody Anywhere.

WILLOW BROOK FARM, R 24 Sellersville, Penna.

(Continued from page 15)

important documents, news in brief and excerpts of editorial comment.

4. A "documentary service," giving background data on America, which our missions will make available to foreign writers and editors.

5. A documentary motion picture service, for non-theatrical distribution.

6. Pictorial exhibits, and showings of film strips.

7. Continuance of the U. S. Government magazine, "America," in the Russian language, for distribution in Russia, where private magazines are barred.

8. Maintenance of a staff of information specialists, totalling perhaps 300 to 400 in 62 countries, and responsible to our ambassadors.

9. International broadcasting, by short-wave, relay and transcription.

Let me make it clear that we have no intention of competing with private agencies of information, which will do the main job of informing the world about America. Our work will be supplementary to that of the wire services, the movies, the publishers.

There are many regions of the world which acquire only headline or sensational news about America. Considering cable charges, they cannot afford to buy a complete news coverage which runs into thousands of words a day. So they take only headlines; and these, because of their spectacular nature, are themselves apt to distort American life. We know there is more to America than strikes, murders, riots, disasters, and Hollywood divorces; we want others to realize it, too.

When the President, or a Congressman, or any public figure makes an important speech, only excerpts from it may reach the foreign press. Taken out of context, these excerpts often present a misleading idea of what the speaker actually intended to impart. Yet editorials and interpretative articles are based on these excerpts.

It will be our aim to make available to the foreign press the full texts of such public documents. Herbert Agar, who headed the work of the OWI in London, says these full texts often had the great, if negative, value of forestalling publication of unfavorable comments.

We will send films abroad, but in so doing we do not propose to compete with the motion picture industry. The films we send overseas are documentaries—simple, factual pictures of American life. They are seldom exhibited in commercial theatres, nor is any charge made to see them. In general, they are shown in classrooms, churches, libraries, lecture halls. In Latin America 4 to 5 million people now see our films every month.

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men with new ideas are going places in the *Legionnaire*



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world. We do not have to rely on the interpretations or selections of foreign editors, or the policies of censors. In this field we now operate 38 short-wave transmitters that broadcast an average of 66 program hours a day in 21 languages. We broadcast as complete a picture of the United States as we can: a cross-section of news commentaries that represents every aspect of American editorial opinion; answers to the hundreds of queries about life in America that arrive every day; dramatizations of plays that honestly present our way of life—plays like "Our Town", for example. There are areas in the world, particularly in the Balkans and the Near East, where radio is our only means of communication with the people. Short-wave can be operated only at a heavy loss and the deficit must be met by the Government.

To these uses of mass media we add other projects, such as the maintenance of small American libraries throughout the world—places where writers, professional men, or people off the street can come for information about America. Further, we circularize photographic exhibits. Our missions abroad report that, so great is the hunger for knowledge of America, it's "standing room only" in these libraries. In Russia our magazine "America" is in such great demand that it commands a high price in the black market—as high as \$100 at the official rate of exchange—and each copy is thumbed to tatters.

The most effective long-run method of exchanging information with other nations lies, of course, in the exchange of people. I mean students, professors, scientists, technicians, journalists. A scholar who spends a year in America generally goes home as an ambassador of good-will. He understands us. He speaks about us. We can well use such spokesmen everywhere; they are an important instrument for the maintenance of peaceful relations with the world.

During the war years we had some 2500 South American students in our colleges. Many will become leaders in their own countries. It is my hope—and part of our program—to see this number considerably augmented in years to come, not only by South Americans but by students from all nations.

Is this program "propaganda" or merely information? I say it is information, but I will not quarrel about the word. If it is called propaganda, I can only say it is honest propaganda. It is open. It is on the record. It differs from the distorted, sometimes "clever" propaganda of the Axis exactly as America differs from the former Axis countries. In those countries there were no checks on the ruling cliques. They could say what they pleased. In America any citizen, any party, any group, any congressman, could criticize us if we failed to represent America fairly and factually or if we exhibited partiality. The propa-

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1 Cleaner, cooler smoke enters your mouth, because

2 Sensational filter whirl-cools smoke, collects flakes and slugs, absorbs juices.

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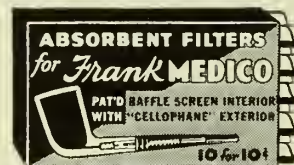


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THE FIRST TIME!**

**So Inconspicuous*

I'M WEARING my new Zenith Hearing Aid and I can hear again!

Yes—I admit it took me a long time to come to my senses. For years I thought it was strictly *my* affair if I didn't wear an aid.

But when I realized I was penalizing my friends, too—forcing them to shout to make me hear—I decided my not wearing an aid was actually selfish.

So I tried a Zenith. And I've worn it as casually as eyeglasses ever since, because its Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord are so inconspicuous!

My friends enjoy my company more now that they don't have to shout and repeat what they've said. And I feel perfectly at ease when I'm with them. Smartest thing I ever did for myself and my friends was putting on a Zenith!

* * *

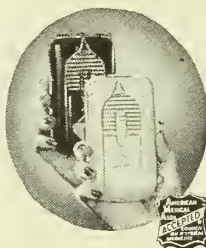
Hard of hearing? You owe it to yourself to have a free, personal demonstration of The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid that has helped thousands! No one presses you to buy. Let your own ears decide! See your dispenser—soon.

FREE! New, helpful booklet—tells how bad hearing may be helped without needless embarrassment. Write: The Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. AL-5B, Chicago 39, Illinois.

Super-powered Model A-3-A \$50

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- Choice of amplifier colors at no extra cost.

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ZENITH
RADIONIC
HEARING AID

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THE BOY FROM WILLAPA

(Continued from page 20)

That isn't all, however. On "Nimitz Day" on the White House lawn, October 5, 1945, the day after his 19th birthday, Robert Eugene Bush of Willapa Bay received from President Truman the highest award this nation gives to its fighting men, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But why Bob Bush of Willapa? What moulding forces—environment, heredity or what have you—had prepared this particular boy so superbly for that flaming moment on the ridge at Okinawa? He had come up to it alone. No one had been nearby to sustain him, to encourage him, to whisper to him to stand fast. He was beyond the farthest Marine flattened in the smoking dust. Just plain Bob Bush, age 18, and the unyielding, indomitable stuff that was in him.

Whence had come those imperishable ingredients?

The home folks are glad to talk. Sure, they've known Bob all his life. His people? His father's a logger, his mother a trained nurse. When Bob and his older sister were just little tykes their parents had separated. Thereafter, Bob Bush had been "farmed out" around the Bay: with relatives, neighbors. Once they'd put him in a "Sisters" school over at Vancouver.

That broken home angle might be significant. Being on his own since babyhood, had he developed into the embittered, lone wolf type? Not at all! He's always been in the thick of things, surrounded by friends. He's a joker, full of fun. He and his gang are always up to something. Everybody likes him. Last fall, the football season over, he organized a basketball team. He called it "Bush's Bone-Crushers."

Has the war changed him any? Well, he's settled down a little. He got married last fall—the Spooner girl. She's just 18 and pretty as a picture. Has all this fame gone to his head? Not a bit of it! He's just the same as ever.

So we'll move up to the cottage on the hill and meet Bob Bush. We'll see for ourselves what marks a boy as one of the five—only five—Navy Medical Corpsmen ever to receive The Medal, one of 150 living men entitled to wear the ribbon denoting "conspicuous gallantry . . . above and beyond the call of duty" among the world's most formidable warriors.

It's a pleasant living room, modern and neatly furnished. Bob Bush's mother is here, a black-haired, substantial woman with black, alert eyes. And Bob Bush's blonde, shapely bride, who seems more mature than her 18 years.

Then Bob Bush comes in from the kitchen; and the first glimpse of him brings a profound shock of surprise and swiftly kindling pleasure.

He's a little handsomer than average.

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How YOU can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate or bridge in Polident. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your denture. Scratches collect food and film, causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

Besides, plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth. Brushing with ordinary dentifrices or soaps can wear down fitting ridges. Then, your plate loosens!

With Polident, there's no brushing—so no danger! It's the new, safe way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free . . . just by easy, daily soaking. Helps keep your denture's original, natural look—for less than 1¢ a day. All drug stores; 30¢, 60¢.

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Soak plate in Polident 15 minutes or longer, rinse, and use. A daily Polident bath keeps your plate sparkling clean, odor-free.



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There isn't a scar on his face and his cheeks are dimpled. He has a rugged look about him—slightly under six feet and of chunky rather than rangy build. His hair is black, crisp and curly, and his dark eyes twinkle a little shyly. . . . Yes, even his artificial eye twinkles. It's a perfect match, and unless you knew it in advance, you'd never know he'd lost an eye.

You begin to probe, sizing him up. He isn't bashful but he isn't forward. He's just cheerful, matter-of-fact. He's a little under wraps with strangers, but once in a while his company mask shifts a little and a rollicking Irish gleam shows through.

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, at the risk of his life and above and beyond the call of duty, while serving as Medical Corpsman with a Rifle Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines . . . in action against enemy Japanese forces on Okinawa . . ."

How about this? How did he happen to get into the Medical Corps after boot camp at Farragut?

Bob Bush grins a little. "Well," he says, "you know the Navy. You put down four preferences at boot camp. Medical Corps was my last choice. So I draw Medical Corps."

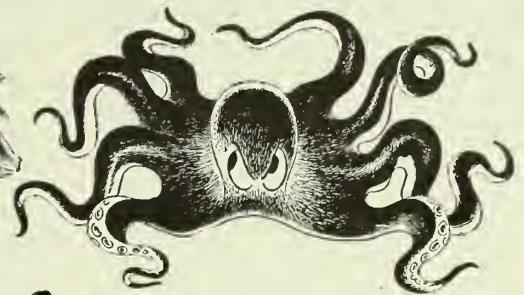
We read on from his citation:

"Fearlessly braving the fury of artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire from strongly-entrenched hostile positions, Bush constantly and unhesitatingly moved from one casualty to another to attend the wounded falling under the enemy's murderous barrages . . ."

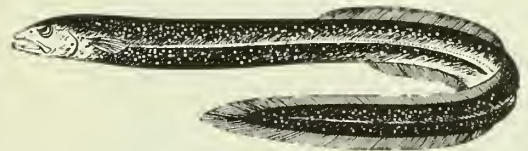
Bob explains—a little reticent at this point—that there was another Corpsman named Joe. During all this action Joe was taking care of a wounded Marine down in a hollow. That's why he, Bob, was out there alone.



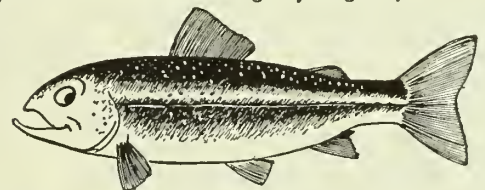
Don't be a "poor fish"— be her dream man!



Octopus He combs his hair with water. After water dries, his hair sticks out and hangs down like tentacles. Kreml Hair Tonic keeps hair neatly in place from morn 'til night.



Eel Often called a "heel" by the ladies. He plasters his hair down with grease. Looks just like a gigolo. Kreml keeps hair handsomely groomed yet never leaves it looking oily or greasy.



Speckled Trout Specks look beautiful on a trout but *not* dandruff specks on your shoulders. Kreml is famous to remove dandruff flakes. Leaves scalp feeling and looking so clean.

"He man" and "Head man"

He uses Kreml and his hair is always so neat and attractive. Never pasted down, sticky or greasy looking. Just hear the girls sigh mm-m-m-m at the man with Kreml-groomed hair!

• Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use it daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair.



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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



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PINAL COUNTY RESEARCH COMMITTEE
Dept. 5, Coolidge, Arizona.

"As the attack passed over a ridge top, Bush was advancing to administer blood plasma to a Marine officer lying wounded on the skyline when the Japanese launched a savage counterattack. In this perilous position he resolutely maintained the flow of life-giving plasma. With the bottle held high in one hand, Bush drew his pistol with the other and fired into the enemy ranks until his ammunition was expended . . ."

"Yes," Bob Bush admits, "I was scared—but not after that first hand grenade got me. It landed right beside me and my first thought was to pick it up and lob it back. It's a good thing I didn't—it went off right away. All I had time to do was turn away and throw up my arm, like this. . . ."

"The second grenade was a honey—practically in my face. The concussion blew my eye out. At the time, all I knew was that I couldn't see very well and was covered with blood. That one got my stomach, too."

He shows you the abdominal scar. It looks like the surgeons could have pulled a silk hat out of that wound. One eye gone, one arm shattered, one stomach, age 18, split like a melon. . . .

"Quickly seizing a discarded carbine, he trained his fire on the Japanese charging point-blank over the hill, accounting for six of the enemy despite his own serious wounds and the loss of one eye suffered during his desperate battle in defense of the helpless man . . ."

"It was only my left arm that was wrecked. I could still use it if I held it in close. I was shooting from the hip. There wasn't time to take aim. Then the smoke cleared away and there weren't any Japs any more."

"With the hostile force finally routed, he calmly disregarded his own critical condition to complete his mission, valiantly refusing medical treatment for himself until his officer had been evacuated, and collapsing only after attempting to walk to the battle aid station . . ."

So he walked back to the battle aid station. He was shedding his tattered clothes as he went along. He was bleeding so badly that he left wet footprints and a trail. He couldn't see very well. . . . When he woke up eight hours later they were still giving him blood transfusions. Bob Bush figures he doesn't have any of his own blood left in him.

He's feeling fine now. You can see that he is. They let him play football last fall, and right in the middle of the season comes this telephone call from Washington, inviting him to come to the White House to receive The Medal. He'd had no previous hint that he was even being considered for the "big one."

"First I thought it was a gag and tried to figure out whose voice it was. There



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FOR FIVE-IN-ONE HAIR CARE

- Corrects loose dandruff
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Ask for Jeris today
at barber shops
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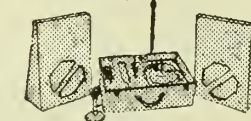
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Choose from over 200
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Dept. 2-83, Chicago 5, Illinois

are a lot of jokers in my gang. Then I
set the receiver down and thought for a
while. This meant I was going to miss the
big game with Raymond. . . . But finally
I said I'd go."

His mother persuaded him to take his
wife with him. He had no wife at the
moment, but he did by four o'clock the
next afternoon. They had a fine trip. They
had a drawing-room all the way, stayed
at the Statler in Washington and attended
the big banquet at the Mayflower. . . .

His wife says she's never seen Bob so
pale and nervous as he was on the White
House lawn. We have a feeling, having
seen and talked with him, that more than
one press photographer there, and many
of the spectators, and even some of the
battle-hardened top brass from the Army
and Navy had a little tightness about the
throat when curly-haired Bob Bush of
Willapa, age 19, typical American boy—
no more, no less—stood at attention before
his Commander-in-Chief and heard him say:

"His daring initiative, great personal
valor and heroic spirit of self-sacrifice
in service for others reflect great credit
upon Bush and enhance the finest tra-
ditions of the United States Naval
Service . . ."

NAVY POLISH

Refueling at sea, particularly in
rough weather and within range of
enemy air attack, is dangerous
work. At Okinawa our destroyer
worked with the carriers. Every three
or four days we'd leave the screen
and, retaining regular speed, come
alongside a carrier for fuel. While
the ships were proceeding abreast,
movies and mail were transferred
from one ship to another and a
telephone line was strung across so
the skippers could exchange infor-
mation.

One day we had just completed
refueling from the carrier which the
admiral used as his flagship. The
lines had been parted, the fuel
hoses drained, the telephone line
disconnected. Our skipper sighed
with relief as he veered away from
the carrier and headed for open
water. One less opportunity to bang
his ship against the carrier's side.

At that moment the flagship be-
gan signaling us frantically. The
captain, who had gone below for
coffee in the wardroom, raced back
to the bridge. The executive officer
passed the word: "Stand by to go
alongside the carrier again."

As our ship heeled around and
headed for the carrier, the signal-
man took down the message:

"The Admiral inquires if you can
spare a can of shoe polish."—By R.
M. Dobie.

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PARTING SHOTS

Harry McCormick, 37th Division public relations officer in the Philippines, who saw both sides of service as an enlisted man and officer in two years, got a chuckle out of a want ad in the Dallas (Texas) *Morning News* of February 24th. He passes it on:

"FORMER first-class private re-organizing former large construction company. Opening for colonel with snappy military bearing as elevator boy, doors open from sitting position; also opening for ex-major as office boy, must be able to dust. Need a few second lieutenants as messenger boys, bicycles furnished. Can use few privates in vital positions. MARTIN CONSTRUCTION CO., Box 37-X, News."

The Veterans Administration is sending field men to jail to advise imprisoned veterans of benefits under the GI Bill of Rights.

G. C. Gray, of Potsdam, N. Y., is paying back the 15 blood transfusions he received when wounded in Italy. Whenever he has the strength he goes down to the Red Cross and gives a pint of blood.

H. E. Rauchfuss and Henry Schmidt, Worland, Wyoming, veterans, have applied to the Department of the Interior for grazing rights on the planet Mars.

Kenneth D. Beckstead, Watertown, N. Y., father of two, had to get the consent of his parents before he could enlist in the Army. He's only 17.

The peasant woman approached an American soldier who was walking guard outside an ancient Italian mountain village. Wrapped in her shawl was a tiny baby, blue with cold, its twig-like limbs encrusted with sores. She begged the American for medicine without which, she said, her bambino would die before the sun set. Though deeply moved, the soldier had to tell her that his isolated unit had no medicines other than the emergency wound kits.

The woman wept, rocking back and forth and holding out the baby in supplication. Finally the soldier went into his tent and came out with a tube of white salve.

"Squeeze this over the bambino's legs," he told her. "Rub it in well—and pray. Perhaps it will help."

A week later the woman returned with a group of ragged peasants. As they came up to the soldier, the men removed their hats and the women crossed themselves. Silently, the woman held out the baby.

Its legs were completely cured.

In the weeks that followed, the American soldier's fame as a healer spread through the mountains. Every day before dawn the lame and the sick gathered outside his tent waiting for him to emerge and treat them with his magic salve. A dozen candles burned in his honor in the little church, and in the Spring two babies born in the village were named after him.

His name, the peasants took from the tube containing the wonder-working salve—Dr. Barbasol.—By Fred Rosen

A Marine who had lost both legs at Iwo Jima was convalescing at a hospital in this country. A woman visitor, bringing cigarettes and magazines to the patients, approached his bed. Tactlessly, she gushed: "You poor boy! How did you lose your legs?"

"I didn't lose them," the veteran shot back. "I gave them in exchange for a clear conscience."—By N. S. Whitefield



"After all the pressure we put on Congress to get him discharged—and now look at him"

Carmen Reyes, 66, of Brownsville, Texas, who had been trying to get old-age assistance, finally received a communication from the government . . . it was a selective service card.

The coat of arms of the war-torn Belgian town of Bastogne will henceforth bear the word "Nuts." That's the caustic reply given to the Germans by Maj. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe when asked to surrender his 101st Airborne Division.

S/Sgt. Paul L. Bolden, of Huntsville, Alabama, Medal of Honor winner, was turned down when he sought to re-enlist because he did not have "the equivalent of a sixth-grade education."

Charles S. Ballinger, as an Air Force captain on Santa Maria island, collected 39 pounds of ambergris, which comes from the intestines of whales. He brought the strange substance back in his barrack bag and found that it was a precious ingredient used in expensive perfumes and worth \$15,000.

Demobilization occurred so rapidly at the huge Syracuse Army Air Base that Lieut. Donald L. Renick, of Chicago, found himself the only military man left.

★ CARTOON OF THE MONTH



"And this is the kitchen"

No harsh bitterness
... *Just the Kiss of the Hops*



*America's Most
Distinguished
Beer*



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

A color illustration of a man with dark hair, smiling broadly. He is wearing a grey suit jacket, a white shirt, and a patterned tie. He is sitting in a chair and holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes in his hands. The background is a warm, yellowish-gold color.

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I like 'em*

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